

APR 13 '48

Vol. 35 #1, Feb. 1948

THE ROMANIC REVIEW

FOUNDED BY PROFESSOR HENRY ALFRED TODD

A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF
THE DEPARTMENT OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES
IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS • PUBLISHERS

35
1944
No. 2

1944

VOLUME XXXV • FEBRUARY 1944 • NUMBER ONE

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

317285B

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R 1945 L

THE ROMANIC REVIEW

FOUNDED BY PROFESSOR HENRY ALFRED TODD

A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF
THE DEPARTMENT OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES
IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

VOLUME XXXV

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
PUBLISHERS • NEW YORK

1944

THE ROMANIC REVIEW

A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION

HORATIO SMITH, *General Editor*

JEAN-ALBERT BÉDÉ

TOMÁS NAVARRO

DINO BIGONGIARI

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

JOHN L. GERIG

FEDERICO DE ONÍS

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

MARIO A. PEI

HENRI F. MULLER

NORMAN L. TORREY

W. M. FROHOCK, *Secretary*

VOLUME XXXV

FEBRUARY 1944

NUMBER I

ARTICLES

- | | | |
|--|------------------------|----|
| Molière and Shakespeare | ELMER EDGAR STOLL | 3 |
| Dix lettres inédites de Montesquieu | ANDRÉ DELATTRE | 19 |
| La Poésie romantique, la science et la révolution industrielle | ROGER PICARD | 28 |
| Poets and Pessimism: Vigny, Housman et Alii | BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE | 43 |
| The Proustian Manner | HAROLD MARCH | 52 |

REVIEWS

- | | |
|---|----|
| Leo Schrade, <i>Beethoven in France. The Growth of an Idea.</i> [PAUL H. LÁNG] | 73 |
| Arthur C. L. Brown, <i>The Origin of the Grail Legend.</i> [ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS] | 82 |
| Edward J. Hoffman, <i>Alain Chartier: His Work and Reputation.</i> [EDWARD B. HAM] | 84 |
| Mary Lane Charles, <i>The Growth of Diderot's Fame in France from 1784-1875.</i> [NORMAN L. TORREY] | 86 |
| Helen T. Garrett, <i>Clothes and Character: The Function of Dress in Balzac.</i> [JEAN-ALBERT BÉDÉ] | 88 |
| David Miller Driver, <i>The Indian in Brazilian Literature.</i> [JOSÉ FAMADAS] | 88 |
| Notes for Contributors | 92 |

Copyright, 1944, Columbia University Press

THE ROMANIC REVIEW is published four times a year (February-April-October-December) by Columbia University Press, 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin, or 2960 Broadway, New York City. Single copies, \$1.00 (foreign, \$1.10); \$4.00 a year (foreign, including Canada, \$4.30). Subscribers should notify the publisher of change of address at least three weeks before publication of issue with which change is to take effect. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Menasha, Wisconsin, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1944 by Columbia University Press.

Manuscripts, editorial communications and books for review should be addressed to Professor Horatio Smith, 513 Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York City. THE REVIEW will not be responsible for the return of manuscripts unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. For all questions regarding preparation of manuscripts and printing style, consult the "Notes for Contributors" at the end of the February issue.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to Columbia University Press, Room 108, 2960 Broadway, New York City.

MOLIÈRE AND SHAKESPEARE

THE PARALLEL BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND MOLIÈRE is closer than I have hitherto thought. In the past I have, like others before me, touched upon it both in general and in detail; but of late it has taken on for me decidedly larger proportions, more definite outlines. With of course no actual connection between them, the two writers are as similar as, without any connection, an English dramatist under Elizabeth and a French dramatist under *le grand monarque* could well be.

I.

Both were actors as well as dramatists, and *hommes de théâtre* through and through, not theorists or critics, philosophers or psychologists. Both, like the greatest artists generally,¹ were bourgeois, not aristocrats, of good blood, but of little social importance and unknown to fame. Both were also poets; and like most of the greatest again, including Chaucer and Milton, they developed their style and technique before they attempted to embody their own conceptions or present the fruits of their own observation or experience.² Indeed, they both were traditionalists, inheriting and assimilating the accepted style and technique, not only the national but also the classical in so far as this was already domesticated in their day. Neither would have been what he was if he hadn't taken up with the situations and types of character, the plot devices such as mistaken identity, disguise, and impersonation, the dialogue devices such as soliloquy and aside, the multifarious "business" of the medieval farces, of the comedy of masks, and of the Latin stage, all these being then acceptably in use. In fact, their very type of play they inherited, which in the comedy of both dramatists was farce, with its vigorous and stage-fit *simplification et grossissement*,³ as in Shakespeare's tragedy it was melodrama; the farce of both, moreover, as in *Measure for Measure* or elsewhere in Shakespeare, and as in *Don Juan*, *Tartuffe*, and *L'Avare*, was (acceptably again) often itself a tragi-comedy. Yet neither of them was of a "school," or founded one. That is, they were the most representative, the most universal artists of their day, absorbing the accumulated tradition but bringing it to consummation. Jonson, on the other hand, both was of a school and founded one, and the same is true of Corneille.⁴

1. The late Roger Fry somewhere says something to this effect.

2. John Palmer, *Molière* (Bell & Sons, London, 1930), p. 92. My *Shakespeare and other Masters* (1940), p. 91.

3. Lanson, *Histoire illustrée de la littérature française* (1923) I, 382, 384, 388, 390.

4. For Corneille and Molière both, see Lanson, *ibid.*, pp. 396, 332-333.

In their attitude Shakespeare and Molière are as similar, and in the conception and practice of their art. Each writing for a living, they had their eyes on everybody in the theatre, but not much on the public outside it, and still less on posterity.⁵ Both were opportunists, concerned above all to entertain and please. Alike, they have no literary principles or conscience: they lend an ear to the call or cry of the hour, borrow anything that bids fair to succeed, and, carelessly or purposefully, even fall back upon an earlier manner or an outworn technique after advancing well beyond it. What Mr. Palmer (page 139) says of Molière applies still more exactly to Shakespeare: "he had no fixed programme or policy. He was a man of the theatre who practised, as the occasion called, every style and form of play. . . ." For the *Cocu imaginaire* follows the *Précieuses ridicules*, as *The Merry Wives* and (apparently) *The Taming of the Shrew* do *The Merchant of Venice*, and (more remarkably, somewhat in the style of Beaumont and Fletcher) as *Cymbeline* and the other "dramatic romances" do the immortal tragedies. Both, in their own time and after, have been reprehended as faulty writers: as Lanson says of Molière, "on lui a reproché du barbarisme et du jargon, des phrases forcées, des entassements de métaphores, du galimatias, des impropriétés, des incorrections, des chevilles, des répétitions fatigantes, un style inorganique" (pages 385-386). Far more, and worse, could have been said, and has been said, of Shakespeare, who was much less concerned to see his plays safely and faithfully into print. More than half of them at his death were still in manuscript; and those that weren't, if he ever looked at them, he might well have wished they also were. Molière was more learned and scrupulous, more analytical and critical—did he not pen the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes* and the *Impromptu de Versailles*?—but both alike wrote for the stage and the theatre—to be spoken, not read—not so much for the eye as for the tongue and lungs. The "style fin et discret," says Lanson, and echoing Sarcey, "has difficulty in crossing the footlights." Shakespeare's utterance and Molière's alike are exhilarated and extravagant, full-bodied and impetuous, often colloquial, sometimes vulgar, and yet (not inconsistently) original, though Shakespeare's own has all these qualities in far greater measure. In the theatre neither needed explanatory notes;⁶ and Shakespeare needs them now mainly because he wrote before the clearing-up at the classical revival, not like Molière after it,

5. Cf. Donnay, *Molière* (1912?), p. 357. For Shakespeare, my *Shakespeare Studies*, Chap. 1; *Shakespeare and Other Masters*, Chap. viii; *From Shakespeare to Joyce* (1943), Chap. xi and xiii.

6. Palmer, p. 127: "One can read the *Précieuses* today without a footnote," which is, as Mr. Palmer observes, not true of Molière's imitator Somaize, with the same subject, who had not the genius's instinct for selection, his regard for the parterre.

and because of the elaborate encrustation of Romantic comment which Molière was in some measure spared. Both, however, were, as we shall notice, to suffer under the Romantic melancholy. And since both wrote farces and tragi-comedies rather than comedies, Harpagon (like Shylock) and Alceste (like Malvolio and Falstaff), as well as George Dandin and Arnolphe, were for a time, even on the stage, pathetic or tragic, as they were by no means meant to be.

"The dénouements of each dramatist have, by the critics of his own country, been judged faulty—hasty and arbitrary, by means of unmotivated coincidence or peremptory intrusion, even by the hand of God in *Don Juan*," says Lanson, "and that of the King in *Tartuffe*."⁷ From the business point of view the defense is well set forth by Mr. Palmer:

The final scenes in many of the plays of Molière—but not the great plays of character—are often a sorry business. In this he resembles Shakespeare and the reason of the two authors is identical. The play has served its turn. The end is in sight. The interest of the audience drops, and that of the author, writing in touch with the audience, drops to an equal degree. Let the curtain fall as quickly as possible. Almost anything will serve so long as most of the characters are present and can be more or less neatly disposed of at the finish (pages 91-92).

The critic's exception, however, is partly contradicted by the cases of *Tartuffe* and *Don Juan* above, as well as by that of the *Ecole des femmes*; and Lanson's defense is from a higher level:

Sans eux [these conventional endings] y aurait-il moyen de finir gaiement ces conflits d'égoïsme, qui s'exaspèrent? et s'ils étaient moins brusques, la place et le temps donnés à leur préparation ne seraient-ils pas enlevés au déploiement des caractères?⁸

Or, as one might say, since by the very nature and constitution of comedy, and not only by the definite prescription of Renaissance criticism but also by the imperative expectation of the audience, there must be a cheerful ending, this must consequently be as contrived and improbable as—farce and melodrama!—the story itself has been. The obstacle to the terminal matrimony (*de rigueur* in comedy at the Renaissance, but coming down at least from Menander) is too big to be quickly surmounted by any natural process. Providential messengers or letters, "*coups de ciel*," are, then, just the thing. The disguised have to be undisguised, the mistaken identities disclosed, the

7. Besides those mentioned here and below, for instance: *Médecin malgré lui*, *Dépit amoureux*, *Femmes savantes*, *L'Avare*.

8. *Histoire illustrée*, 1, 388.

villain baffled or driven off. And in the tragi-comedies too many formidable forces have been let loose to be quietly and yet plausibly diverted or suppressed. The knot must be cut instead of deftly untied, *dénoué*. In *Measure for Measure* only the Duke, who, by maneuvering or acquiescence, has brought about the entanglement, can clear it up, and (however arbitrarily or unsatisfactorily) set things to rights again.

2.

With both dramatists situation came first in time and importance; and in Molière, as in not only Shakespeare and the Ancients, but (though less clearly) in Corneille and Racine, the action is not derived strictly from the character. Yet by most critics it has been in the *Ecole des femmes*, that play in which the middle-aged Arnolphe is outwitted by the young girl Agnès, whom he had been rearing in isolation and ignorance to be, securely, a wife for himself. Mr. Palmer (page 214) properly defends Molière's art:

The critics who urge that Agnès, being a simpleton, could never have had the ingenuity to conceive the plans whereby she circumvents her jealous warder, have missed the point of the play as completely as those who, like Brunetière, argue that such a one must have been sly by nature and born to deceive.

Horace, her young lover, as he says, reads the riddle aright:

*Il le faut avouer, l'Amour est un grand maître:
Ce qu'on ne fut jamais, il nous enseigne à l'être.*

However, Mr. Palmer, like the critics he is attacking, does not himself seem fully to realize the merely dramatic, or theatrical, quite unpsychological, significance of this. The couplet is, I think, simply the pivot upon which the comedy turns. It explains the action rather than the character, and does not reconcile her cunning and ingenuity with her simplicity and ingenuousness; in fact, if it did reconcile them it would impair the comic effect. So ignorant and witless is she that she wonders if children are not born through the ear. That is no pretense, and her innocence tickles him—*je pâme de rire*, says he—as she comes and asks

*Avec une innocence à nulle autre pareille,
Si les enfants qu'on fait se faisoient par l'oreille.* (1, 1.)

And later she is so naïve as to tell Arnolphe herself what pleasure she has taken in Horace's company, without realizing how in the mere telling she hurts him. Yet she is presently so crafty as to keep perfectly her own counsel in thwarting his jealous purposes and running away. Really, as it seems to me, the couplet above is a motive not of char-

acterization but of narrative and play-making; indeed, it is a summary formula to evade or replace a motive, to excuse or cover over the inconsistency in character. In substance it is equivalent to a proverb or adage, like *Amor vincit omnia*; and it embodies about as much psychology as that. It reconciles the audience to the inconsistency without reconciling the inconsistent traits of character with one another. But why, then, the inconsistency in the first place? For the sake of the contrast, the big and striking situation, a comedy that is to be "irresistibly comic"; and at bottom the formula is to cover not so much the inconsistency in the character as that in the situation. So, though in a tragedy, not a comedy, it is very similar in its dramatic function to Iago's dictum:

*The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so.*

That is all the explanation—the motive—that Shakespeare finds it necessary to give his audience for the situation of a noble lover, not jealous, not suspicious, either, lending an ear to the slandering, by a comparative stranger, of his newly wedded innocent wife and his guiltless friend. As I have elsewhere noticed, the dramatist has nothing to do with the antitheses and paradoxes of the critics,⁹—the specious and unreal psychology (in a sound, capable, passionate but hitherto equable nature) of a trustfulness that distrusts; and the passion thus not springing out of his own character, a more striking situation (again) is secured. In the tragedy, as in the comedy, the compass is widened, the contrast heightened. "Les grands sujets," says Corneille, though he is speaking, it seems, only of tragedy, "doivent toujours aller au delà du vraisemblable";¹⁰ but in comedy¹¹ itself, not a *discours*, the Molière of Hellas both says and also does something still more to our purpose as he once explicitly denies that, at a pivotal point in his dramatic

9. *From Shakespeare to Joyce* (1943), chap. xvi.

10. I would not venture to quote these words again (*Discours du poème dramatique, Œuvres*, 1862, I, 15) were it not that Lanson (op. cit. I, 323–324) is of the opinion, as I belatedly discover, that they do not mean what they apparently say. It is true, of course, that the "invraisemblable" is not "de règle"; and it is true that Corneille is here insisting "que la vérité matérielle, historique des faits, est nécessaire." But this is a matter of familiarity—to be acceptable the improbable story in tragedy should not be made up but be a new treatment of that of Orestes, Medea, or the like. (That is, familiarity takes the place of a formula such as is discussed above.) And at this particular point the meaning seems beyond a doubt: "les grands sujets qui remuent fortement les passions et en opposent l'impétuosité aux lois du devoir ou aux tendresses du sang, doivent toujours aller au delà du vraisemblable, et ne trouveroient aucune croyance." . . . without such historical or legendary authority. In my opinion those who in their realism have "incriminé" Corneille's saying have nevertheless better understood his intention.

11. *The Girl who gets her hair cut short*, 569K, l. 45.

mechanism, there is any psychology operating,—Menander here openly cracking his world-famous “mirror” and letting Misapprehension convey to the audience that she has made the soldier-lover fall into a passion “though he’s not such a one by nature,”—*οὐ φύσει τοιοῦτον ὄντα τοῦτον*.¹² Nor has the English dramatist anything to do with the analysis of those who would here find (in contravention of the premise of no jealousy or want of self-control, on the lips not only of Desdemona and Lodovico but of the hero himself) a convincingly elaborate development of the passion, out of a latent inclination, and accomplished within the confines of a single scene (III, III). So Agnès is, in herself, not either ignorantly or stupidly clever, nor ingenuously ingenious, nor sexually both unconscious and cunning; neither does she, of course, of herself unfold, like a Japanese flower in water, magically, in a trice. It is all love’s doing, the comedy’s, not nature’s; and much of the surprise and naïve charm would be lost if she were anything of a psychological study. Most of the effect, indeed, derives from situation—not from Agnès herself but from her and Arnolphe reacting upon each other, as from Othello and Iago upon each other, though so differently from the comic pair.

In Arnolphe’s case it is, particularly, an effect of irony, heightened for him by the circumstance that he is, separately, the confidant of both the girl and her sweetheart, neither of whom is aware that he is such or that he even knows the other. His egoistic intentions and arrangements now recoil upon him. She has been kept so ignorant that, as Sarcey notices, she has no safeguard against the temptation—so Arnolphe would have called it—when it comes. The go-between would have had her think, as the girl now frankly tells her guardian, that in exchanging salutations with the youth from the balcony she had wounded him. “Alas! did I let something fall on him?” “No,” was the reply, and of his wound he could be cured only by a meeting and in converse. “Hear,” she now begs her guardian, “how he saw me and was cured! His pain he lost as soon as he saw me.” And answering Arnolphe’s further inquiries, she tells him how he swore that he loved her in words that delight her still. Words apart, however, were there no caresses?

*Oh tant! il me prenoit et les mains et les bras,
Et de me les baiser il n'étoit jamais las* (II, V).

So further and further the anxious inquiry is pursued, with undissembled, disagreeable results. And did the youth ask for nothing more?

12. *κάρωνρον τοῦ βλου*, Aristophanes of Byzantium, 3rd Cent. B.C.—“Which of the two imitated the other?” he asks. So Quintilian x, 1, 69 . . . *ita omnem vitae imaginem expressit*.

*Non. Vous pouvez juger, s'il en eût demandé,
Que pour le secourir j'aurois tout accordé.*

Then, on Arnolphe's insisting that caresses call down the wrath of heaven except upon the married:

*N'est-ce plus un péché lorsque l'on se marie?—
Non.—Mariez-moi donc promptement, je vous prie.*

Quite as promptly he takes her up, but slowly, though all too soon, discovers that it is only to Horace she is thinking of being united; and when, later, after having followed her lover with that purpose, she is reproached for it, she replies that she had but followed her guardian's teaching—

Qu'il se faut marier pour ôter le péché (v, iv and ii, v).

Irony for him, and in her it may be simplicity as well as cunning; but when, much before this, in obedience to his bidding, she had thrown a stone at Horace the next time he appeared under her window, yet with a billet-doux attached, it is, even as it seems to her lover when reporting the matter to her thunderstruck custodian, out of character,—

Et qu'on n'attendrait pas de sa simplicité. (iii, iv.)

Here it is that Horace speaks the pivotal couplet above quoted,—naturally for him, but necessarily for the author if criticism is to be disarmed:

Ce qu'on ne fut jamais il nous enseigne à l'être.

And now, as Arnolphe is upbraiding her, there is no other than this simple but wholly unpsychological explanation of her conduct, though (which is ironical for the audience) he does not see it. Babies born through the ear (by the repetition the contrast is heightened)—in what school could one so simple have so speedily learned such cunning?

*Votre simplicité qui semble sans pareille,
Demande si l'on fait des enfants par l'oreille;
Et vous savez donner des rendez-vous la nuit,
Et pour suivre un galant vous évader sans bruit.
Tudieu! comme avec lui votre langue cajole!
Il faut qu'on vous ait mise à quelque bonne école (v, iv).*

Where but in his own *Ecole des femmes*, though still he does not see it.

Of any psychology in Agnès or even of the mere consistency of the character Sarcey has nothing to say; and even after dwelling on Arnolphe's error in eliminating love from his calculations, which avenges itself upon him to the point that after frantically avoiding the fate of a

cuckold he now vainly even begs for that as a boon,¹³ he writes as follows:

"Quelle profondeur d'observation philosophique! Quel analyste des passions humaines que ce Molière." Et moi, je vous interromps: "Non, ce n'est pas cela. Mais quel homme de théâtre que ce Molière! Avec quelle franchise, après avoir amené une situation, il la pousse jusqu'au bout et en tire tout ce qu'elle enferme de douleurs ou de rire." (*Quarante ans*, 1900, II, 77).

Just that is what, as I have frequently insisted, Shakespeare does, though not so thoroughly or economically as Molière, or (in his own day) as Ben Jonson. In comedy or serious drama, either, these two work out a *motif*, a theme or thesis, as the French especially have been much inclined to do, both since Molière (witness *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*)¹⁴ and before. And to many Frenchmen before and since Sarcey, the *Ecole* seemed to be, what in the nineteenth century was particularly dear to them, a problem play, a *drame à thèse*. On the woman question, that is, on their education and the relations of the sexes. Certainly Molière came far nearer to the *drame à thèse* than Shakespeare ever did; but earlier the critic said also to that:

il a vu la chose non en philosophe mais en homme de théâtre.

and again:

Voici, d'un côté, un homme qui a passé l'âge des amours, et, de l'autre, une enfant de seize ans qui ne sait rien de rien. L'homme prétend être aimé de la jeune fille, et aimé uniquement.

Ce sont deux forces en présence, qui vont entrer en lutte l'une contre l'autre; cette lutte peut fournir des situations dramatiques, et c'est tout ce que demande Molière, qui est en effet un auteur dramatique (page 72).

Of which last, readers of him (as of Shakespeare) and the critics even more, need, strangely enough, continually to be reminded.

3.

Of struggle (as well as of the problematical, the general and abstract) there is not nearly so much in Shakespeare and the ancients as in Molière and the French. Like Corneille and Racine, he had inherited the emotional debate from their immediate predecessors, and he further developed it. But in all drama there is necessarily a contrast, and often in the character—or, rather, in the rôle—itself. So, in Agnès,

13. Tout comme tu voudras, tu pourras te conduire,

Je ne m'explique point, et cela c'est tout dire, (v, iv).

14. "Les hommes ne s'attachent point à nous en raison des services que nous leur rendons, mais en raison de ceux qu'ils nous rendent." Which, by the way, comes down directly from Aristotle, or from Pericles' funeral oration. (Thucyd. II, xl, 4).

there is no struggle, but contrast only. Either of these contrasts may be somewhat in the background, without much or any comment; such as that, on which I have several times touched, of Harpagon, the miser, unnaturally keeping (but naturally stinting) servants and horses, inhospitably giving a banquet, and improvidently wooing a penniless young girl; or that in Falstaff, of the clever coward, robbed (more than robbing) on the highways and boasting of his exploits, needlessly going to the war, and, in trepidation, taking a prisoner by the sheer terror of his name. The fantastic improbability and contradictoriness of the contrast simply furnishes bigger opportunities for comic effect. In the characters, as we have seen, and as Lanson says, there is "simplification and exaggeration."¹⁵ But the character cannot well be separated from the action, which inclines to farce; and never is it more naïf and vivant than when it takes the plunge. So it does in such exaggerated contrasts as those of the miser already noticed; or when seizing his own hand as he reaches out frantically for the thief's, or when crying out to his daughter, in his rage, that Valère had better have let her drown than made off with the casket. (Here certainly is a case where farce verges upon tragi-comedy, as in *Measure for Measure* and elsewhere in Shakespeare.) And so in the contrast without any sign of such a struggle, love turning an innocent girl so readily and completely into a wily intriguer. Though less theatrically extravagant, this, like another in Falstaff, that of wit-and-butt-in-one, is a contradiction; and yet, unlike that, a contradiction not in the background, by way of the implications, but open and overt. By the formula of the pivotal couplet, the contradiction is both acknowledged and also warranted, as in *Othello*. In both plays the postulate contains, to be sure, a truth of human nature,—a general one in the French comedy, of *Amor vincit omnia*, a particular one in the English tragedy,—but truth straitened or stretched to fit the case, to cover (as we have seen) the situation. In both plays, situation and postulate alike are the result of *simplification et grossissement* together. In *Romeo*, on the other hand, at the first sight of Juliet, there is a still sharper contrast, a change more sudden, both instantaneous and entire; yet there is no contradiction, no reversal, and the leap—*natura non facit saltum!*—from out of love-sickness into love is made acceptable not by any formula but by the difference (so manifest!) between the feelings themselves for Juliet and Rosaline, which somewhat warrants the transition, though the one feeling quite obliterates the other. How easily, for all that, *Othello*, *Romeo*, or *Agnès* might have been given the disposition from the outset to be

15. Lanson, *op. cit.*, pp. 382-384.

jealous, or to be interested in the remoter Juliet rather than in a convenient Rosaline, or to be curious about any personable young man passing by,—if but the dramatist had been concerned with reality alone!

Not with reality but the effect,—pity and fear in tragedy, laughter in comedy; and drama in which character is easily separable from the action is not drama. Certainly you cannot laugh at a witty man or a funny one as you can at one witty or funny, either, when caught or catching others in a plight. In Shakespeare's comedy there is more of wit and drollery for its own sake, but in so far as that is true Shakespeare's comedy is inferior to Molière's; and Falstaff himself is far funnier and much more certain of effect on the stage because of his boasting and swaggering before and after a cowardly conduct that no audience questions (if the critics do), as well as because of his ingenuity amid his very real trepidations and embarrassments. Both dramatists, to be sure, provide that the laughter shall be "thoughtful"; but primarily they are concerned that it should be hearty, both spontaneous and unanimous; and for that reason the central idea, by way of the big and striking contrast is "simple."¹⁶ It has no novelty or profundity, and vitality it has only through the dramatic realization. In the *Ecole des femmes* it is the folly of jealous possessiveness; in *George Dandin*, the folly of marrying from ambition, above one's rank or status. In both comedies there is little indeed of anything that could be called a social (as well as a psychological) document. In the one, as Sarcey says above, the situation is "poussée au bout"; in the other, the dramatist "a outré jusqu'à l'extravagance la sottise du mari, l'aveuglement des parents, et la gredinerie de la femme."¹⁷ To this a critic objects because the central idea is thus distorted or obscured: Dandin's misfortunes have too little "in common with those which may touch average humanity." This, if true, would be deplorable: the effect would be quite contrary to what is intended, and to that of the greatest art, comic or tragic, lyric, epic, or (for that matter) pictorial or musical. The appeal of genius is, as Mr. Maugham says, with the suffrage of the finest critics, "not to this type of man or to that type but to all

16. Cf. W. S. Maugham's *Summing-up* (1938), pp. 131-133, "Plays containing original ideas, like Shaw's and Ibsen's, are because of them soon outmoded." Mr. Shaw himself would not understand that. But Chesterton would. Even a non-dramatic poet, as he says in defense of Tennyson in his essay, *Varied Types* (1908, Dodd, Mead & Co.), "unless he can make the same kind of ringing appeal to absolute and admitted sentiments that is made by a popular orator, has lost touch with emotional literature." Indeed, the trouble with such as Ibsen and Shaw is not so much that they are soon outmoded as that they are not sufficiently emotional in the first place.

17. *Op. cit.*, p. 126.

men." It is by that, according to Longinus (vii, 4), that you know him for a genius. The greatest art is simple, comprehensible, universal, and (primarily, therefore) is "loaded with life." But to his critic Sarcey replies that (the subject in this case being of the tragi-comic nature above-mentioned) by subduing the grotesquerie and extravagance the comic effect would be lost, as indeed has been decisively demonstrated, he says, on the stage. The play thus becomes a painful study. And that is just the opposite of simplification and exaggeration, or of the *ampleur et éclat*¹⁸ in the acting, which, Sarcey elsewhere observes, the rôles of Molière demand. So in comedy and tragedy both, as John Jay Chapman, in words that I have frequently quoted, puts it: "All our painstaking discussions of Shakespeare's people as human characters must go by the board. The plays should be acted largely, as they are written."¹⁹ Or, as Hugo has it, thinking of the stage as well as the drama, but of all drama fit for the stage, "Le théâtre parle fort et parle haut."

The idea is simple, we have noticed; for in Molière clearly discernible and ascertainable central ideas there are, as there are not—Richard Grant White long ago saw that, if others didn't—in Shakespeare. But in the latter the ideas involved (if not expressed, still less insisted on) are as simple, as conventional. For both, as for Aristophanes and Menander, Plautus and Terence, Chapman and Ben Jonson, the function of comedy is not, as with Mr. Shaw, "the destruction of old-established morals." With all alike the romance (if there is any) is "within the marriage bond." But the social criticism or satire, also, is thoroughly conservative; and while in Shakespeare's comedy there is not much criticism—but sympathy rather, and high spirits, humor, wit, or fantastic witlessness²⁰—there is, of course, plenty of laughter, and that is, in large measure, provoked by what runs counter to the manners rather than the morals,—both the one and the other, however, well established, strongly entrenched, in Shakespeare's day. It is only so that the laughter in the house could be confidently reckoned on. For Shakespeare's plays, like Molière's and still more the ancient, were for both the tony and the lowly, not for the West End or those who can pay high prices and read first-class books; and the laughter depends on the direct presentation of eccentricity, not on aggressively improper demeanor, set off by a running-fire of iconoclastic gibe and paradox, in order to— for why should bourgeois themselves do that?—*épater les bourgeois*. Not to shock or startle were they penned but, rather, however indirectly

18. *Op. cit.*, p. 172.

19. *A Glance Toward Shakespeare* (1922), p. 31.

20. Cf. *Shakespeare and other Masters*, pp. 38-39.

and merrily, to reassure. Instead of knocking down the standards of conduct prevailing they gave the audience a chance to laugh, and (in Molière and Jonson) to lash, at those who were disregarding them. For the purposes of both dramatist and audience there must be a standard, that there may be a contrast. Even in Restoration Comedy of Manners, as I have several times contended,²¹ there is no "destruction," and no "new morality" demonstrated or inculcated. The cuckolds and wittols, misers and upstarts, flirts, coquettes, and prudes are all as ridiculous as ever they were; and in Wycherley's *Country Wife*, Sparkish, who is above jealousy, is as much of a laughing-stock as Pinchwife, the other extreme. And belatedly I discover that Chesterton, in his essay on the Comic Spirit, is of the same opinion. He finds a definite standard in such as Sheridan and Congreve. He also sees that, as there, situation—contrast—is all-important. "You cannot turn a thing upside down if there is no theory about when it is right way up."²² In which opinion, Chesterton seems to imply and certainly would not deny, dramatist and audience must be at one.

By some critics Shakespeare has been thought in the person of Falstaff to be poking fun at the chivalric ideals of bravery and honor; but he is only doing what Molière did by the same traditional technique of self-exposure—nowadays, as Stendhal says, "par trop contre nature"²³—in the person of Sganarelle,²⁴ who chose to be a cuckold (as in that of Falstaff, who chose to be a coward) rather than fight. Discretion is his pet virtue too, as with many another artful dodger then and afterwards on the stage; and surely no one will think that Molière had any "advanced" or magnanimous Shavian ideas on the subject of cuckoldry, the simple world-old Rabelaisian distaste for which is the motive in three important plays.

4.

With such external and more or less obvious, though wholly dramatic and directly effective contrasts, however, the critics generally are not content. Out of the farcical as well as the melodramatic material they have endeavored to make psychological capital; and even in what is less

21. *Shakespeare Studies*, Chap. II, and *From Shakespeare to Joyce*, *passim*.

22. *Generally Speaking* (1929, Dodd, Mead & Co.) p. 207.

23. Cf. my *Shakespeare Studies*, pp. 468 ff. and Stendhal's *Racine et Shakespeare*, (Oxford, 1907), p. 16: C'est qu'il est trop contre nature qu'un homme se moque si clairement de soi-même. Quand, dans la Société, nous nous donnons des ridicules exprès, c'est par excès de vanité; nous volons ce plaisir à la malignité des gens dont nous avons excité l'envie.—This Sganarelle is, of course, that of the *Cocu imaginaire*, not that of the *Ecole des Maris*, taken up below.

24. *Shakespeare Studies*, pp. 460–461.

extravagant in the roles of Sganarelle in the *Ecole des maris*, and of Armande in the *Femmes savantes*, they discover an inner contrast, where I think there is none.

Acknowledging that Molière knew nothing of complexes and inhibitions (pages 165, 394), Mr. Palmer yet finds this—an earlier—Arnolphe to be suffering from a sense of inferiority; and Armande, so contemptuous of corporeal love, to be really jealous and “sexually acquisitive.” But this last is so manifestly true that there is no call for any psycho-analysis; the traits are perfectly clear from the tenor of the text, and not merely near the end, when she throws herself bodily at the head of the man she had previously disdained. Mr. Palmer does not, indeed, allow his psychology to counteract the effect of absurdity, as M. Donnay (page 349) does, who, with some slight encouragement from Lemaitre, sympathetically takes her for a feminist before her time. And even Sganarelle Mr. Palmer endeavors to keep ridiculous (page 166), though I cannot well understand how he succeeds in it if he still remembers that the man’s “contempt for the amenities of human intercourse is sheer timidity,” and that “his proud declaration that those who find him ill to look upon have only to shut their eyes is the defiance of a nervous distemper” (page 166). What for me at least is more important, I see not the slightest evidence that this is the case; and there is as little room for Freud or Jung in Molière as in Shakespeare and Sophocles.

Like Arnolphe, but (at bottom) unlike the “Cocu imaginaire,” Sganarelle is moved by a dread of cuckoldry, which (as with Arnolphe again), by his gibes at those who have suffered that misfortune together with his harem-keeping measures to avoid it, is made more ironical and ridiculous. The *hybris* of the former goes so far that at the first meeting with Horace he expresses the hope that one so handsome has had the making of a few cuckolds already (I, iv). It is all the more amazing, therefore, that, in a country where the comic spirit is notoriously so active and sexually so unhampered, either they or George Dandin should ever have been taken for pathetic or sympathetic. Particularly in the theatre, to which Molière in France, unlike Shakespeare in England, was never lost. The motive was scarcely a sense of propriety, though Sarcey, in 1886, says that the producer Perrin at the *Comédie Française* suppressed the recurrent *cocu* in the *Ecole des femmes* to appease the susceptibilities of the “abonnés du mardi” (perhaps the bourgeois of *le mardi soir*). (One wonders whether the selected dissyllable more happily took its place in the metre there than *tambour* did that of *amour*, according to Victor Hugo’s report, in the secular songs per-

mitted at convent schools). More probably the motive was nineteenth-century sympathy,—that which prompted a corresponding change in the treatment of Alceste and of Harpagon, at the same time as of Shylock. Most great comedy has tragedy in the background, or, so to speak, in the wings; and by raising questions or shifting the emphasis, as with George Dandin above, it can become tragic or pathetic. Unsettling questions like how the misers Shylock and Harpagon came to be such, and what Falstaff's youthful associations and disappointments were, are typical examples.²⁵ And the farce that verges on the tragicomic is particularly liable to such misinterpretation in a day when melancholy and introspection prevail. But in Elizabethan and Bourbon times they didn't; people then, like the unregenerate in ours, could laugh at Dandin's marital as at Shylock's paternal discomfitures, or at the jokes about death or decapitation in *Measure for Measure* and *Cymbeline* when neither was comfortably quite out of the question; and the intruder in the interpretation is not so much tragedy as pathos.

There is Molière himself, however, and his love affairs, even his difficulties with his wife Armande, to shed a personal pathos upon the the two *Ecoles*, *George Dandin*, and the *Misanthrope*. As if the superlative wit and thorough man-of-the-world would thus deliberately, masochistically, expose himself,—like Sganarelle and Falstaff or Chaucer's Pardoner and Wife of Bath!—or, out of his own experience, would have played the rôles of such fools and dupes as Arnolphe and Dandin or of such a bear and churl as Alceste. (*C'est par trop contre nature*, for life at any rate)! But though to this notion good critics still cling, as not to that of these comedies as pathetic or tragic, I will not touch upon the subject again except by invoking the authority of two illustrious Frenchmen, one the greatest actor of our time, another an accomplished dramatist. As for Coquelin, I might (in the past)²⁶ have spared my readers some words of refutation if I had become acquainted earlier with his essays, *L'Arnolphe de Molière* (1882), *Le Misanthrope* (1881), *L'Art et le comédien* (1880), and *L'Art du comédien* (1886), in which he so clearly and insistently demonstrates, with Sainte-Beuve's support, that "Molière ne s'est jamais identifié avec ses créations,"²⁷ even as Shakespeare and Homer have not done. In this respect they are like the best actors—Talma, Rachel, Régnier—who "express feelings which are not experienced, which may never be experienced,

25. *Shakespeare Studies*, pp. 405, 409.

26. Even quite recently, in *From Shakespeare to Joyce*, ch. iv.

27. *Arnolphe*, p. 68, *Misanthrope*, p. 188.

which from the very nature of things never can be experienced."²⁸ In the *Ecole des femmes*, the comic intention is apparent,—if nowhere else, in the subsequent *Critique*, but clearly enough in her keeper's heartfelt appeal to Agnès for her love at the end of the play itself (v, iv). In

Me veux-tu voir pleurer? Veux-tu que je me batte?
Veux-tu que je m'arrache un côté de cheveux?

the second line is "irrésistiblement comique," as M. Coquelin calls it (*Arnolphe*, page 72); and is only an example of the *pathétique plaisant* as I once illustrated it by the afterclaps in the role of Shylock, wishing his daughter were dead at his foot—"and the jewels in her ear"—"and the ducats in her coffin."²⁹

M. Donnay, on the other hand, I quote, because, having of course read Coquelin, he is, alas, little the better for it, and thus, as I think, completely begs the question:

Et c'est parce que nous savons combien il a souffert par Armande que nous découvrons dans George Dandin une grande amertume.³⁰

"Exactly so," to fall into the phrase of the comic opera.

But the motive was probably just as much the baneful nineteenth-century craving for a novel—an original—interpretation, which took possession of the producers and actors of the time as well as the critics. With *Alceste*, indeed, there is warrant for some sympathy, not only in the characterization but also directly, in the words of Eliante:

Et la sincérité dont son âme se pique
A quelque chose, en soi, de noble et d'héroïque (iv, i).

He is not all rudeness and brusqueness, virtuous pride and extravagance, fault-finding and bad humour.³¹ But there is little of the redeeming quality in Harpagon, nor anything of Molière's own experience in the loves of the barbarous curmudgeon, at least; and that in Paris, where the theatrical tradition has been strong and uninterrupted for hundreds of years, the miser's soliloquy of outcry against the robbing, in the spirit of Plautus's *Euclio* and of such stage figures ever since, should for a certain season have been delivered tragically, until Coquelin

28. Coquelin's *Art and the Actor*, (N. Y., 1915), pp. 56, 62. Cf. Coquelin's *Misanthrope*, pp. 25 ff., where the great actor is as explicit in his disapproval of another notion against which I have long been contending, that *Alceste* or other important characters of Molière are copies of contemporary individuals; and quotes from the *Impromptu de Versailles*, sc. iii.

29. *Shakespeare Studies* (1927), p. 313.

30. Molière (1912?), p. 282.

31. How much there is of this is made clear by Coquelin (who had played him), *Misanthrope*, pp. 31-34, etc.

brought it back into tune, is not easily to be explained. According to the Romantics and those like them, as M. Coquelin sarcastically puts it, it is the pinnacle of achievement for a comic author to make people weep; for a tragic author to make them laugh (*ibid.* page 70). Which itself is laughable.

5.

The misinterpretation of Shylock and Falstaff is not so far fetched, for they have appealing or amiable traits in which Harpagon is utterly lacking. And how strange in the native country of logic and reason, of good sense and critical enlightenment, which certainly are embodied in Molière himself! But as we look back upon them, the excesses and extravagances of the Romantic movement, and of Decadence and Post-impressionism, give us pause, and still more those in political life, which we may here pass over. The irony of it (even in the words of Coquelin, who should know), *cette adorable qualité française, le bon sens!* Μηδὲν ἄγαν! For the ancient Athenians, whom the French have emulated, had, with a similarly stormy, seemingly irresponsible history, their ideal of moderation as well. To logic both peoples, especially the younger, have a much clearer title than to good sense. In art, M. Doumic says of his own people (but is it not equally true in life?), they have "humilié la nature devant la raison." Which is, as Mr. Basil de Selincourt judges, in "The English Secret," a pretty dubious triumph. Of moderation they have the conception or principle rather than the guiding and ruling instinct. They see (as not all of us, however, can) better than they do. Is it, then, the advantage of these over other peoples, in the matter we are now considering, that of their follies and excesses they are earlier and more acutely aware? That, to be sure, is something; even a great deal. The French corrected the Romantic misinterpretation of their greatest dramatist on the stage sooner than the English did that of their own; and this trifle may be a sample. But their chief advantage, does it not lie in conceiving and developing, in cherishing, however rarely attaining, the ideal itself? If only as in Molière and La Fontaine, or Aristophanes and Menander, whether perfectly understood or not.³²

ELMER EDGAR STOLL

Minneapolis

32. P.S. In an article yet to appear, "Plot and Character," I take up Goethe's remarks upon the superior importance of *motifs* and situation (*Gespräche*, Ed. Castle, 1916, 1, 107-108) which are in keeping with the doctrine of Aristotle, Burke and Macaulay. And on the probable and improbable in Molière, Hazlitt, I find, has expressed opinions somewhat similar to those presented above. *Works* (1904), x. 107.

DIX LETTRES INÉDITES DE MONTESQUIEU

LES ORIGINAUX DES LETTRES SUIVANTES se trouvent à la Bibliothèque Publique et Universitaire de Genève, où elles font partie du fonds Tronchin acheté en 1937.

Deux de ces lettres nomment leur destinataire: VII: "M. Gernouillac"; IX: "M. de Grenouillo." Nous n'avons trouvé aucune indication sur Gernouillac. La *Correspondance de Montesquieu* (publiée par F. Gébeline et A. Morize, Paris, Champion, 1914) mentionne un Grenouilleau, son homme d'affaires à Bordeaux, à qui il écrivit en 1734 à propos d'un procès (I, 300). A en juger par leur contenu, d'autre part, les dix lettres ci-dessous semblent écrites à une seule et même personne: il s'agit d'un voisin, de la région de Bordeaux, qui, craignant d'être arrêté, s'est enfui à Genève;—il s'était compromis dans des "assemblées";—sa fortune était assez considérable: la question se pose de savoir si ses biens seront confisqués ou s'ils iront à sa famille (son neveu, sa sœur, ses "Messieurs");—il était avocat, et parent de Montesquieu;—il séjourna une dizaine d'années au moins à Genève, où il fréquentait, entre autres, Jean-Louis Saladin, Pierre Mussard et Jacob Vernet (qui préparèrent l'impression de la première édition de *l'Esprit des lois*). On hésite donc à croire qu'il y ait plus d'un destinataire. La répartition de ces lettres en une série Gernouillac et une série Grenouillo supposerait deux destinées tout à fait identiques. Ce n'est pas la seule fois, d'ailleurs, que Montesquieu, dont la distraction est légendaire, écorche un nom propre: au cours des lettres qui suivent, Mussard (VIII) ou Mussar (X) se change en Murssar (IX), Tromsin (VIII) en Tronchain (X).

Qu'étaient ces "assemblées" qui mirent dans un mauvais cas le parent de Montesquieu? Là encore, on ne peut que faire des suppositions. Ce parent l'était peut-être par Mme de Montesquieu, qui était calviniste, on le sait, et calviniste très convaincue. Calviniste lui-même, donc, il se serait compromis dans des assemblées huguenotes; le choix de Genève comme ville de refuge renforcerait cette possibilité.

D'autre part, le *Journal* de Barbier et les *Mémoires* du marquis d'Argenson reviennent fréquemment sur les troubles politiques de toute sorte qui agiterent le royaume vers la fin de la guerre de Succession d'Autriche. Il y avait "famine dans la moitié de la France" et la Guyenne avait des émeutes "à chaque marché" (d'Argenson, *Mémoires*,

Paris, Renouard, 1863, v, 124). Les gens de robe réclamaient le rétablissement des Etats provinciaux, que Louis xiv avait supprimés presque partout, et manifestaient une opposition de plus en plus systématique contre l'absolutisme royal. Pendant que la théorie des pouvoirs intermédiaires trouvait son enchaînement logique dans les réflexions de Montesquieu, qui terminait alors les derniers livres de *l'Esprit des lois*, elle cherchait aussi à se faire voie sur le terrain des réalités pratiques, et peut-être son parent fut-il compromis, en 1745, dans une tentative de cet ordre.

Grenouillo, ou Gernouillac, dans la seule lettre que nous ayons de lui, fait allusion à une mission diplomatique de Montesquieu vers février 1748; il aurait été envoyé à Londres par Louis xv "pour y travailler au grand ouvrage de la paix" (iii b); "cela me fut confirmé par un amy de Hollande." D'après les indications que donne la *Correspondance*, Montesquieu était à Paris le 3 février 1748; il y était aussi le 28 mars, et se préparait à partir pour Bordeaux; on ne sait rien sur ses activités entre ces deux dates, sinon ce qu'il écrit à Cerati à la fin de mars: "... J'ai pensé me tuer depuis trois mois, afin d'achever un morceau que je veux mettre [dans *l'Esprit des lois*] ... Je vous assure que cela m'a coûté tant de travail, que mes cheveux en sont blanchis." (*Correspondance*, II, 32). Mais un passage d'une lettre que lui adresse quelques mois plus tard son amie Mme de Tencin serait alors à prendre au pied de la lettre: "Vous vous êtes tiré avec honneur de votre négociation avec Maran. Il est bien dommage que vous n'ayez été chargé de celle de la paix; en vérité, je ne crois pas qu'elle ait été plus difficile." (*Correspondance*, 14 novembre 1748, II, 70). Mme de Tencin était loin de n'avoir d'intérêt que pour les belles-lettres. Elle intrigua beaucoup avec le service diplomatique anglais et disposait de force accointances de ce côté-là. On sait qu'elle mena avec Luc Schaub, son "mari," résident à Paris du roi d'Angleterre "en sa qualité de duc de Hanovre," des négociations compliquées et obscures, mais fort importantes, pour le compte du cardinal Dubois (P. M. Masson, *Mme de Tencin*, Paris, Hachette, 1910, pp. 31-32). Le Genevois Jean-Louis Saladin, qui fut, lui aussi, après Schaub, résident de l'Electeur de Hanovre à Paris, était lié avec Mme de Tencin comme avec Montesquieu.¹ En 1748, le cardinal de Tencin était ministre d'Etat, manœuvrait pour devenir premier ministre, et la gloire de prendre en main les négociations de paix devait le tenter. S'il faut en croire d'Argenson, il venait de rendre à George II un service assez important,—et grassement payé, en affaiblissant par

1. "Montesquieu lui lisait tous les matins le manuscrit de *l'Esprit des lois*," dit Senebier, *Histoire littéraire de Genève* (Genève, Barde, 1786), III, 282.

des conseils machiavéliques la position du Prétendant Charles-Edouard. (d'Argenson, *op. cit.*, novembre 1747, v, 98-99). Il serait assez curieux que Tencin qui, en 1757, pendant la guerre de Sept Ans, s'efforça de revenir au pouvoir en amorçant des négociations de paix avec Frédéric II par l'entremise de Voltaire, eût aussi mis en avant Montesquieu pour négocier avec l'Angleterre en 1748. La rumeur qui, d'après le témoignage de Grenouillo, circulait alors à Genève, sa corroboration par un ami de Hollande et peut-être aussi plus tard par Mme de Tencin rendent en tous cas nécessaire de laisser ici un point d'interrogation.

I

Je Vous suis bien obligé Monsieur de Vôte souvenir au commencement de cette année, Je suis bien fâché de Vôte fluxion sur les yeux, c'est une grande incommodité.

à l'égard de l'affaire dont Vous me parlés, Je voudrois de tout mon Cœur pouvoir Vous dire des choses plus agréables. vôtre Lettre ne contient que des raisons palliatives et ces raisons-là ne sont point reçûes dans ce pais-cy; il faut donc aller au fait, et sçavoir si Vous êtes bien résolu de revenir et si dans ce cas Vous êtes bien résolu à Vous conduire de manière sur les matières en quésition que l'on ne puisse absolument rien Vous imputer, car je Vous avertis que l'on aura extrêmement les yeux sur Vous et que l'on pense même qu'étant avocat et accrédité dans vôtre Canton Vous pouvés mener ou avoir mené bien des gens, Sur quoy on m'a dit qu'on aimoit-mieux que Vous fussiés party que si Vous éties resté. tout cela ne tend qu'à Vous dire que si Vous formés le projet de revenir, il faut Vous bien résoudre à être plus circonspect à l'avenir, inébranlable dans Vôte conduite à cet égard, promettre, tenir parole, sans quoy il Vaut infiniment mieux rester ou Vous êtes, parce que de deux malheurs Il faut toujours choisir le moindre.

Si donc Vous voulés que Je travaille à Vôte retour, il faut que Vous écrivies directement une lettre à Monsieur De Tourny² ou que Vous me l'envoyés, dans laquelle Vous dirés qu'après avoir commis une grande faute la frayeur que Vous en eûtes Vous en fit commettre une autre, que cependant vôtre dessein n'a jamais été de quitter le Royaume, et qu'une preuve de cela c'est que Vous aviés demandé un passe-port plusieurs mois auparavant, passeport que Vos craintes ne vous avoient pas permis d'attendre, que Vous luy demandés sa Protection pour qu'il fasse ensuite que Vous pussiés sans crainte revenir en france, et Vous faire

2. Le marquis de Tourny (1690-1761) fut intendant de Guyenne de 1743 à 1758; il fit exécuter des travaux d'utilité publique importants et nombreux, en dépit de difficultés de la part des autorités locales. Il partit en disant: "Vous me maudissez, mais vos enfants me béniront."

jouir De la Clémence du Roy, que Vous luy promettés que Vôte conduite sera irréprochable; c'est Dans ce sens Monsieur qu'il faudra faire Votre lettre. Vous la tournerés cent fois mieux qu'elle n'est là. Je crois qu'il faudra que Vous vous Déterminiés promptement, plus Vous tarderés, plus Les choses se rendront difficiles.³ Je voudrois bien pouvoir Vous mander de meilleures nouvelles, et Je plains beaucoup Vôte état et [suis] fâché de vous voir privé d'une fortune honorable, car pour la considération Monsieur, Vous l'acquérérés par-tout. J'ay l'honneur d'être avec tous les sentimens d'une parfaite amitié Monsieur vôte très humble et très obéissant serviteur.

Montesquieu

A Bordeaux le 9 janvier 1746.

A 87, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412. La signature et la date seules sont autographes; sans adresse.

II

Vous trouverés, Monsieur, que je Réponds bien tard à La Lettre que vous m'avez fait L'honneur de m'écrire au Commencement de cette année. Elle étoit adressée à Bordx, et je suis à paris. je vous fais mille remerciements de vôte souvenir, et je desire Bien que vôte santé soit Bonne. je puis Bien vous assûrer que je n'oublieray jamais Les sentimens d'amitié que je vous ay vouiés, et que L'absence ne Les efface point. je suis depuis sept ou huit mois à paris. Et j'y suis venu chercher du soulagement pour mes yeux qui sont en assés mauvais état.

j'ay L'honneur d'etre, Monsieur, avec toute sorte de sentimens d'amitié, Vôte très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

Montesquieu

à paris, ce 5e avril 1747.

A 87, 403-404; autographe?; sans adresse.

III

je nay reçu que tres tard, Monsieur, la lettre dont vous m'avez honoré, par ce que je ne lay recuee qu'a Paris. je suis bien charmé que votre fluxion soit diminuée, la mienne va assez bien. C'est a vous même que vous devez les politesses que vous a faites Mr Mussard,⁴ je serois tres aise d'y entrer pour quelque chose, je luy ay seulement dit ce que j'en pensois. je vous prie de me conserver quelque part dans votre

3. Barré: du côté de la restitution des.

4. Pierre Mussard (1690-1767) était professeur de droit naturel et public à l'Académie. C'est lui qui trouva à Genève un imprimeur (Barrillot) pour l'*Esprit de lois*. Sur la part très active qu'il prit à cette publication, voyez la *Correspondance de Montesquieu* publiée par F. Gêbelin et A. Morize, Paris, Champion, 1914.

amitié. jay l'honneur d'être, Monsieur, avec une parfaite estime, votre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur

Montesquieu

a paris ce 31 janvier 1748

tournez

je crois que si vous vouliez revenir jouir de vos biens il ne seroit pas difficile d'obtenir votre retour. bien des complimens sil vous plait a M^r Mussard

A. 99, 7-8; autographe?; sans adresse. La lettre de Montesquieu se termine par trois lignes au verso, qui sont suivies de "Copie de ma réponse" (voir m^b), de Gernouillac ou Grenouillo à Montesquieu.

III^b

Copie de ma réponse

Monsieur,

Si je n'ay pas répondu plustôt à la lettre obligeante que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire le 31 janv. dernier, ce n'a été que parce que le bruit couroit icy, peu de jours après l'avoir reçüe, que vous aviez fait un voyage à Londres, pour y travailler au grand ouvrage de la paix, et que cela me fut confirmé par un amy de Hollande, qui me marqua que vous étiez effectivement à Londres, ou le Roy vous avoit envoyé pour donner du succez a ses intentions pacifiques. Cette nouvelle me détermina, Monsieur, a suspendre mon tres humble remerciement, et l'assurance que je vous dois de la vive reconnoissance dont je suis pénétré. A présent que je présume que vous êtes de retour à Paris, je vous supplie d'agréer que je m'acquie de ce juste devoir. On ne scauroit le faire avec des sentimens plus réels, ni plus sincères que les miens. Je suis surtout extrêmement sensible à ce que vous me fassiez l'honneur de me dire, que si je voulois revenir jouir de mes biens, il ne seroit pas bien difficile d'obtenir mon retour; ce qui est une offre de service des plus importantes; aussi en reconnois-je tout le prix, quoy qu'il me paroisse que dans l'Etat présent des choses, la prudence ne me permet pas d'en profiter. ma raison est, qu'il est vraysemblable qu'après la paix, qui selon les apparences n'est pas éloignée, le Roy voudra chatier les provinces où il a été fait des assemblées pendant la guerre. quelques exemples de sévérité qu'il y a eu a leur occasion le laissent assez craindre; de sorte que je croy devoir attendre qu'on ait veu de quel oeil la Cour envisagera la chose après la paix. peut-être usera t Elle de clémence, mais il peut arriver aussi qu'Elle fasse sentir les effets de son indignation. Dans cette incertitude, je croy devoir attendre le denoüement. j'espère, Monsieur, que vous ne désapprouverez pas ce trait de

crainte ou de prudence et que vous voudrez bien me continuer l'honneur de votre protection et bienveillance, dont vous ne cessez de me

A. 99, 8. Copie d'une lettre de Gernouillac ou Grenouillo à Montesquieu, écrite au verso de la lettre de Montesquieu du 31 janvier 1748 (iii). La suite manque, le folio suivant a été déchiré.

IV

[Je] suis Monsieur, infiniment sensible aux marques [de] votre souvenir et je vous fais de mon côté et de bien [bo]n coeur mes complimens sur cette nouvelle année. [Je] désire beaucoup que vos souhaits soient remplis. Si les miens l'étoient, vous seriez icy. quoyquil [en] soit, je ne cesseray jamais de faire un cas [in]fini de votre amitié et toute ma famille [fai]t de meme. quand vous verrez Mr le conseiller Mussard, assurez le je vous prie de ma plus haute estime. il fait cas des gens de merite, et il doit faire grand cas de vous. j'ay l'honneur detre, Monsieur, avec des sentimens tres distingués, votre tres humble et tres obéissant serviteur.

Montesquieu

a Bordeaux ce 4 janvier 1749.

A 87, 415-416; la signature seule est autographe; sans adresse.

V

Je suis très sensible, Monsieur, aux marques du souvenir que vous me donnez à l'occasion de la naissance de mon petit fils,⁵ Effectivement, c'est une chose fort agreable pour moy, et la part que vous y prenés, Monsieur, me rend⁶ cette nouvelle plus agreable. je suis bien aise d'apprendre que votre santé est bonne. quand vous verrez mon illustre ami Monsieur Mussard je vous prie de luy faire bien mes complimens. je suis bien aise que Monsieur votre neveu ait sujet d'être content de Mr. L'intendant et Mademoiselle votre soeur aussi. j'ay l'honneur d'être, avec une parfaite considération, Monsieur, votre tres humble et très obéissant serviteur.

Montesquieu

à paris ce 20 Xbre 1749.

Vous faites Monsieur trop d'honneur à la grandeur de la ville de Genève en m'envoiant votre adresse aussi détaillée.

A 87, 405-406; autographe?; sans adresse.

5. Voyez la lettre de Montesquieu à son gendre, Godefroy de Secondat, le 18 novembre 1749, *Correspondance*, II, 238.

6. Barré: me fait encore sentir.

vi⁷

Je suis tres sensible, Monsieur, à l'honneur de votre souvenir et au compliment que vous voulez bien me faire sur la naisance de mon petitfils. je ne sçauois assez vous marquer le desir que j'aurois que vous fussiez content dans le pays ou vous vivez. vous y devez jouir d'une société agreable, si je puis juger de tout le monde par ceux que jay l'honneur de connoitre.

je vous prie de vouloir bien faire mes compliments a Monsieur Musard et de luy dire que personne ne connoit mieux que moy toute l'étendue de son merite, et ses belles quallitez. jay l'honneur d'etre, Monsieur, avec des sentimens pleins de la plus grande estime, votre tres humbles (*sic*) et tres obeisant serviteur.

Montesquieu

a paris ce 17 janvier 1750.

A 99, 9; autographe?; sans adresse.

vii

A Monsieur
Monsieur Gernouillac
a Geneve

Je n'ay garde Monsieur d'ecrire a Mr de Tourni pour votre affaire. il y a trois a quatre mois que nous ne sommes pas a portée de nous ecire, y ayant de grandes affaires entre nous a l'occasion de l'affaire qu'a contre luy l'academie de Bordeaux⁸ dans laquelle je suis entré, et comme il n'aime pas beaucoup qu'on luy resiste et qu'on s'oppose a ses projets, ma lettre pouroist vous faire du mal, et point du tout de bien. ainsi jusqu'a ce que les choses changent a cet egard, je ne crois pas que vous deviez m'employer pour cette affaire, si ce n'est peutetre aupres du regisseur qui est icy. moyenan quoy il fauderoit m'envoyer un mémoire bien détaillé pour luy faire voir.

je serois tres charmé, Monsieur, de vous etre bon a quelque chose et pouvoir vous marquer l'extreme consideration que jay pour vous. jay l'honneur detre avec une estime infinie, Monsieur, votre tres humble et tres obeisant serviteur

Montesquieu

a paris, ce 6 fevrier 1750.

7. Les lettres v et vi se répètent beaucoup, à moins d'un mois de distance, et auraient peut-être des destinataires différents. Pourtant les deux lettres auxquelles elles répondent peuvent fort bien provenir du même correspondant, qui, après avoir envoyé ses félicitations à l'occasion de la naissance d'un petit-fils en novembre, n'en écrit pas moins fin décembre la lettre rituelle de vœux de bonne année.

8. L'Académie de Bordeaux refusait de se prêter à un accommodement pour l'alignement d'une rue qui traversait une de ses propriétés. C'est Montesquieu qui fut chargé d'aller solliciter pour elle à Versailles.

A 99, 10; autographe?; à côté de l'adresse, d'une autre main: lettre de M^r. de Montesquieu en réponse a ma derⁿ, par laq^{elle} il me marque qu'il n'est plus en relation avec M^r. l'intendant mais dit qu'il pourra parler au Regisseur général, pourvu que je luy envoie un memoire de l'affaire.

répondu le 26 x^bre 1750 en luy souhaitant la bonne année.

VIII

J'ai été tres flatté Monsieur, de La Lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'ecrire au commencement de cette année et je suis tres aise que par La justice de Mr de Tourni, vous soyez hors des pattes du Regisseur, et il est vrai qu'il s'est extremement bien comporté dans toute cette affaire, aumoins cela m'a-t-il paru ainsi. je suis bien aise que ma reponse a la critique de l'*Esprit des loix*⁹ ne vous ait pas déplû; mais ces gens là auront bien plus de peine à me pardonner d'avoir eu raison, qu'ils n'auroient eu a me pardonner d'avoir tort. vous allez avoir chez vous un homme d'un grand mérite et que nous regrettons beaucoup ici, Mr Saladin.¹⁰ faites je vous prie mes compliments bien sincerés a Messieurs Mussard, Tromsin,¹¹ chrammer¹² et vernet,¹³ dites a Mr Mussart que j'espère qu'il ne m'aura pas oublié, et moi je n'ai pas oublié non plus ses belles qualités. Si l'envie vous reprenoit jamais de revoir votre patrie, je vous offre mes services la dessus. je suis, Monsieur, avec les sentiments de la plus parfaite estime, Votre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur

Montesquieu

A Paris ce 16 janv. 1751.

A 87, 417-418; la signature et la date seules sont autographes.

IX

Je vous suis, Monsieur, tres obligé de l'honneur de votre souvenir, et je vous prie de vouloir bien me le continuer. j'espère que vôtre santé est bonne, et c'est un des voeux du comancement de cette année que sa continuité. il est vray que nos theologiens de paris ont fait bien du

9. La *Défense de l'Esprit des lois*, où Montesquieu examine surtout les objections des Jansénistes, parut au début de février 1750.

10. Jean-Louis Saladin (d'Onex), 1701-1784, résident du Hanovre à Paris (1731-1734), syndic de la Compagnie des Indes (1745-1748), résident par interim de la République de Genève à Paris (1744-1749). Il fréquentait chez Mme de Tencin. En 1751, il revint se fixer à Genève. C'est lui qui apporta le manuscrit de l'*Esprit des lois* à l'imprimeur de Genève, en 1747 (*Correspondance*, I, 442).

11. Probablement le juriste Jean-Robert Tronchin (1710-1793).

12. Gabriel Cramer (1704-1752), professeur de mathématiques et de philosophie à l'Académie de Genève, fit un séjour à Paris, en 1747 ou 1748, pendant lequel il se lia avec Montesquieu (Senebier, *op. cit.*, III, 107) et avec Mme de Tencin (P. M. Masson, *Mme de Tencin*, Paris, Hachette, 1910, p. 206).

13. Jacob Vernet (1698-1789), professeur de belles-lettres et de théologie, s'était beaucoup occupé de l'impression de l'*Esprit des lois*.

bruit;¹⁴ mais c'est leur état naturel que de crier, le silence est leur martire. je seray charmé de voir ici vos Messieurs, et je conte bien qu'ils me fairont l'honneur de venir me voir à Labrede où je suis ordinairement. quand vous verrez Mrs murssar, et saladin, je vous prie de les assurer de mes sentiments Bien tendres. je vous prie, monsieur, d'être bien persuadé des miens et de me croire avec tout l'attachement possible et la consideration vôtre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur

Montesquieu.

à Bordeaux ce 6 janvier [1752]¹⁵

M^r: de Grenouillo à geneve

A 87, 423-424; autographe?

x

j'ay reçu, monsieur, avec bien de La reconnoissance les marques de vôtre souvenir au commencement de cette année. Je vous prie de vouloir bien me les conserver et je vous prie de croire que vous avés en moi un parent et un ami qui prend grand intérêt à tout ce qui vous touche. vous avés quitté de grands biens, que vous 'avés moins aimé que d'être heureux. je manderay à madame de montesquieu que vous vous portés bien. je vous prie de dire à mr le sindic que je luy fais bien de (*sic*) compliments sur l'espérance d'un fils que vous me promettés; car il aura un fils qui aura autant de probité que son pere. faites aussi mes compliments à mr. tronchain, à mr le conseiller dupan,¹⁶ à mr vernet et à mr le sindic mussar¹⁷ à son retour. Si vous voyés monsieur de courbon¹⁸ assurés-le de mon souvenir très humble. comme je m'immagine que la ville de Geneve n'est pas si grande que celle de paris, je crois qu'on s'y rencontre plus aisément, et je m'immagine qu'un beau sermon est l'opéra ou l'on se trouve. j'ay l'honneur d'être, monsieur, avec toute sorte de considération vôtre tres humble et tres obeissant serviteur

Montesquieu

à paris ce 13 jan. 1754

A 87, 413-414; autographe?, sans adresse.

ANDRÉ DELATTRE

Wayne University

14. Cf. l'ouvrage de l'abbé de Bonnaire, *L'Esprit des lois quintessencié par une suite de Lettres Analytiques*, s. l., 1751, 2 vol. in-12.

15. La lettre originale porte: "à Bordeaux ce 6 janvier 1751." En janvier 1751, Montesquieu était à Paris; il faut supposer qu'il s'est trouvé garder en janvier 1752 le millésime de l'année écoulée.

16. Jean-Louis Dupan (1698-1775) était du Petit Conseil depuis 1739.

17. Pierre Mussard fut syndic en 1750, 1754, 1758 et 1762.

18. Cf. Henri Tronchin, *le Conseiller François Tronchin et ses amis* (Paris, Plon, 1895), p. 142.

LA POÉSIE ROMANTIQUE, LA SCIENCE ET LA RÉVOLUTION INDUSTRIELLE

*Ah! sur l'œuvre divine
Verra-t-on sans respect se vautrer la machine?*

Auguste Barbier

*Etre prométhéen, ô céleste machine,
Oui, je te chanterai!*

Antony Deschamps

LE DIX-NEUVIÈME SIÈCLE—si sottement qualifié de stupide par un pamphlétaire contemporain qui lui devait tout—s'ouvrit sur des espérances scientifiques aussi grandes que ses magnifiques perspectives littéraires. Lavoisier venait de créer la chimie, Boucher de Perthes et Elie de Beaumont rénovaient la géologie, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire et Lamarck, devançant Darwin, ouvraient à la biologie des champs d'étude inexplorés. En même temps que se multipliaient les applications pratiques de la vapeur, l'étude théorique de l'électricité aboutissait à des découvertes saisissantes. Tandis que l'embryologie recherchait les sources de la vie universelle, l'exploration scientifique du globe se lançait à la recherche du nouveau et de l'inconnu, pour la possession intégrale de notre planète, dans l'ordre de la connaissance aussi bien que dans celui de la puissance.

Comment les poètes romantiques, amoureux de la vie dans toutes ses manifestations et tous placés,—tel le plus grand d'entre eux,—ainsi que des “échos sonores” dans la société, n'auraient-ils pas ressenti et traduit avec lyrisme tout ce que cette aube scientifique apportait à l'esprit? Et si la littérature doit être l'expression de la société, comme l'avaient proclamé Bonald et Mme de Staël, comment eussent-ils négligé de dire les émotions qu'ils éprouvaient ou les réflexions qu'ils formaient en voyant la science et ses applications prendre une part croissante dans le monde où ils vivaient? Les savants eux-mêmes les y invitaient, comme Biot qui, traitant, dès 1809, *De l'influence des idées exactes sur les ouvrages littéraires*, écrivait: “Les grands poètes sont ceux qui ont été instruits des choses de leur temps et ils ont parlé en observateurs instruits aussi bien qu'en poètes: Lucrèce est un philosophe et un savant.” Le temps des belles ignorances était passé; l'esprit des poètes allait s'ouvrir à tous les courants de la pensée.

La poésie scientifique avait ses adversaires à la fois chez les savants et chez les poètes. Les premiers, qui n'avaient pas tous des vues aussi

larges que Biot, pensaient que la poésie, œuvre d'imagination et de caractère personnel, n'a rien de commun avec la science, œuvre d'expérience et tout impersonnelle. Quant aux esthètes, ils assuraient que poésie et science n'ont pas le même objet, l'une étant vouée au vrai et l'autre au beau, celle-ci recherchant l'utile alors que celle-là est désintéressée, l'une prétendant à enseigner, l'autre ne voulant que chanter.

Mais, si l'opposition est réelle, la conciliation n'est pas impossible entre la science et la poésie: il ne fallait pas retomber dans la froide poésie didactique de la fin du dix-huitième siècle, mais se convaincre que le poète peut tout chanter, à condition qu'il s'émeuve, s'exalte et fasse méditer le lecteur, en lui montrant l'épopée de l'homme à la conquête de l'univers et de la vérité, en lui ouvrant des perspectives infinies sur les changements que la science peut apporter dans la condition humaine, en soulevant tous les problèmes de conscience qu'elle est susceptible de poser et qu'elle pose déjà dans la société par ses applications.

La poésie romantique appliquée à la science n'est pas tombée dans l'erreur du didactisme; elle est restée lyrique, c'est-à-dire colorée, émotive, stimulante et philosophique. Dans les vers d'un Hugo sur la comète de Halley, la science devient poétique par elle-même et c'est à la fois le mystère du monde et la puissance de l'esprit humain qu'elle évoque. Si la poésie didactique peut parfois être belle, comme dans les *Géorgiques* de Virgile, il faut avouer que, le plus souvent, elle reste froide, comme chez Delille. C'est à celle-ci que le romantisme est resté opposé et peut-être est-il trop sévère de lui reprocher de n'avoir pas suffisamment compris tout ce que la science contenait de matière poétique.

C. A. Fusil, dans son intéressante étude sur la *Poésie scientifique de 1750 à nos jours* (1917), consacre à peine trente pages aux romantiques et ne semble pas leur avoir rendu pleine justice. De même, E. M. Grant, dans son livre intitulé *French Poetry and Modern Industry, 1830-1870* (1927), en persistant à regarder le romantisme comme une littérature d'évasion, a méconnu les racines profondes qu'il plongeait dans la réalité sociale. A la vérité, les romantiques n'ont nullement laissé de côté l'intérêt poétique de la science, pure ou appliquée. Mais il est exact qu'ils n'en ont pas tiré les mêmes inspirations qu'elle a suscitées après 1850, comme par exemple chez un Sully Prudhomme, en ce qui concerne la science pure, ou chez un Emile Verhaeren, pour ce qui touche aux applications scientifiques.

Il y a eu, dès le début du dix-neuvième siècle, une poésie inspirée par la science, ce qui est naturel, car la poésie scientifique n'a rien de factice; elle a sa source dans les besoins de l'esprit humain qui admire et qui cherche, qui est métaphysicien autant qu'expérimentateur et qui se plaît à considérer son objet sous les angles les plus différents. Après avoir dissipé les obscurités que l'univers lui oppose, l'esprit peut aimer les remplacer par les mirages de la poésie. En présence des découvertes ou même simplement des problèmes, une âme poétique peut sentir se former en elle un hymne à la nature ou au dieu créateur. C'est précisément ce qu'ont fait de bonne heure les romantiques, attirés à la fois par le côté social et le côté philosophique de la poésie scientifique.

Lamartine, que nous allons citer souvent dans les pages qui suivent, faisait donner par Jocelyn (*Jocelyn*, 9^e époque) une véritable leçon d'astronomie aux paysans savoyards; Vigny, dans son *Moïse*, développe la thèse d'un véritable pessimisme scientifique et, plus tard, dans la *Bouteille à la mer*, l'*Esprit pur*, il fait un magnifique acte de foi dans le travail de la pensée. Quant à Victor Hugo qui, dès le collège, avait montré les plus belles dispositions pour les mathématiques et la physique,—(ne fut-il pas lauréat du Concours général en ces matières?)—si son lyrisme n'a pas négligé les thèmes scientifiques, c'est plutôt après 1850 qu'il en a le plus fréquemment tiré son inspiration. L'astronomie surtout paraît attirer le grand visionnaire et des pièces comme "A la fenêtre pendant la nuit" (1854) ou "Abîme," écrit en 1853, en portent témoignage. La science n'était pas absente des grands développements métaphysiques de "Ce que dit la Bouche d'ombre," mais elle s'y mêle à d'immenses visions qui tiennent plus de la création poétique que de l'hypothèse scientifique. Hugo nous entraîne dans une transmigration des âmes à travers les planètes qui fait penser aux rêves de son contemporain Fourier le phalanstérien (*Théorie des quatre mouvements*) et de Jean Reynaud (*Terre et Ciel*) et que tous trois ont peut-être empruntés à Swedenborg.

La foi des romantiques s'attache à la science et au progrès, la première destinée à éclairer les mystères dont la religion s'entoure encore, le second fait pour remplacer l'espoir mis jusqu'ici dans un "royaume des cieux." Des poèmes comme "Ibo," "les Mages" ou "Plein Ciel" débordent de cette confiance et d'une émotion inépuisable en face des mystères de la nature et des efforts de l'homme pour les percer. Le "Satyre," écrit en 1859, est une apothéose de l'humanité en lutte contre les dieux, le mal, l'ignorance et pour l'affranchissement de la pensée, et ici, la foi dans la science soutient la pensée du poète. Mais sa pente d'esprit, comme celle des autres romantiques, le conduit plus à philoso-

pher qu'à rechercher l'expression même d'une vérité scientifique, et c'est en quoi ils diffèrent des Parnassiens, plus positifs, ou même d'un André Chénier dans ses tentatives pour tirer des sciences un thème poétique.

Les applications de la science frappent plus vite les esprits que ses vérités abstraites et ses découvertes théoriques. Au début du dix-neuvième siècle, la grande industrie, déjà développée en Angleterre, faisait son apparition en France. La vapeur allait révolutionner les transports aussi bien que la production: dès 1816, le marquis de Jouffroy faisait naviguer les premiers bateaux à roue sur le Doubs; en 1830, la France possédait une flotte de quinze bateaux marchands à vapeur faisant le service régulier de Marseille à Constantinople. Les premières concessions de chemins de fer,—à traction animale, il est vrai,—étaient accordées en 1823 et, dès 1826, le chemin de fer Lyon-Saint-Etienne voyait circuler la première locomotive. Le télégraphe électrique, essayé par Ampère dès 1820, ne devait entrer dans la pratique que vers 1850. Mais, dès le début du siècle, l'industrie se transforme. La vie pratique va changer plus vite en cinquante ans qu'elle ne l'avait fait en cinq siècles et, de tous côtés, la curiosité, les espérances ou les craintes du public s'éveillaient.

En même temps, s'éveillait aussi l'attention des économistes et des observateurs sociaux sur les effets que la grande industrie produisait dans la classe ouvrière. L'allongement de la journée de travail, la réduction des salaires aux niveaux les plus bas, le développement du chômage apparaissaient comme des conséquences du machinisme. L'emploi des femmes et des enfants, l'abaissement des mœurs dans les populations ouvrières surmenées et laissées sans protection tant contre ceux qui les exploitaient que contre leurs propres instincts, soulevaient des problèmes sociaux d'une extrême gravité et dont on peut dire que, de nos jours même, ils sont loin d'être complètement résolus, malgré les soins qu'on y a donnés.

La littérature sociale de la période 1830-1848 est pleine de descriptions pathétiques de la misère ouvrière et des tristes conditions du travail industriel. L'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, à peine reconstituée, faisait enquêter sur cette situation et recevait des rapports tragiquement accablants, que venaient confirmer les émeutes ouvrières, faites au cri de "Vivre en travaillant ou mourir en combattant," comme celles de Lyon en 1837.

Tous les témoignages concordent sur les souffrances que l'établissement de la grande industrie a infligées aux ouvriers, tant que l'organisa-

tion syndicale et les lois protectrices du travail ne vinrent pas y mettre des limites, sinon un terme. Les écrivains et enquêteurs de l'époque, tels Villermé, Buret, Villeneuve-Bargemont, comme les historiens d'aujourd'hui qui ont étudié la vie sociale du siècle dernier, concordent à la fois dans leurs constatations et dans leurs jugements. C'est en grande partie à cet état de choses qu'est due la naissance des grandes doctrines sociales de cette époque qu'on désigne en bloc sous le nom de socialisme et qui, depuis Sismondi, Fourier, Saint-Simon, n'ont cessé de se ramifier, de s'enrichir et de gagner en influence.

Pareil mouvement d'idées ne pouvait pas plus passer inaperçu des poètes romantiques que le spectacle de la misère des travailleurs. C'est de là, vraisemblablement, que sont venues les tendances sociales du romantisme, autant que des sentiments naturels de pitié et de fraternité dont débordait le cœur de nos grands poètes ou que de l'idée de justice qui veille au fond de tout esprit français. Rien de surprenant donc que le machinisme,—pour désigner d'un seul mot les applications de la science,—ait vivement frappé l'imagination et la sensibilité des romantiques. De même qu'ils ont suivi les travaux et partagé les espoirs des savants purs, de même ils allaient écouter à la fois les plaintes qui montraient des classes déshéritées et les prédications des animateurs sociaux qui s'intéressaient au sort de celles-ci et tentaient de les émanciper.

La réaction des poètes devant le machinisme (au sens large que nous donnons à ce terme), est un des meilleurs critères pour apprécier ce qu'était la pensée sociale des écrivains romantiques. Mais, avant d'y venir, il faut signaler qu'ils avaient tout d'abord aperçu et discuté les autres aspects du machinisme: son côté esthétique, d'abord, ses implications philosophiques ensuite. Ici encore, la priorité appartient à Hugo. Il avait à peine dix-sept ans lorsqu'il envoya à l'Académie Française un poème sur le sujet mis au concours et qui était un "Discours sur les avantages de l'enseignement mutuel." Il y faisait allusion aux bateaux à vapeur, la nouveauté du jour, et aux ballons, qui ne cessèrent de hanter son imagination et qu'il devait, plus tard, charger de symboles philosophiques.

Les poétesses suivaient les poètes dans ces chants du progrès industriels: Mme Amable Tastu, dont le nom même a je ne sais quel charme désuet et évoque le premier romantisme du genre troubadour, écrivait, dès 1833, dans le *Mercur* du XIX^e siècle, sur "la France et l'industrie." Les savants qui ne dédaignaient pas de rimer, chantaient le machinisme, comme l'archéologue et historien J.-J. Ampère, qui, dans ses *Heures de poésie* (1830), exaltait la vapeur ("La Flotte"), ou en faisait le symbole de "la Démocratie."

L'aspect esthétique du machinisme est, comme il se doit, le premier que mirent en cause les poètes et les artistes et, un demi-siècle avant Verhaeren, ils en tiraient déjà des éléments de beauté poétique. Mais les avis étaient très partagés et, sur le terrain du beau, le machinisme avait ses adversaires et ses admirateurs avec, de chaque côté, ceux qui poussaient à l'extrême leur sentiment et ceux qui se convertissaient, passant d'un camp à l'autre.

Au nombre de ceux qui ont en horreur les inventions mécaniques et ne les jugent bonnes qu'à enlaidir la vie, Alfred de Musset a droit à la première place et il est demeuré fidèle à cette antipathie. Dans *Rolla* (1833), au fameux passage sur Voltaire, il fait allusion, le premier peut-être parmi les poètes français, aux chemins de fer :

*Tout est bien balayé sur vos chemins de fer,
Tout est grand, tout est beau, mais on meurt dans votre air.*

Le poète boude à l'industrie et au "progrès"; il ne veut pas qu'on lui abîme la nature et cette haine contre la mécanique, qu'un Arsène Houssaye essayait d'analyser quand elle faisait ses débuts dans le monde ("De la poésie, de la vapeur et du paysage," dans *l'Artiste*, 1842), on l'a retrouvée jusqu'à la fin du siècle, chez un Loti (*Ramuntcho*) et chez les symbolistes, à l'exception peut-être de l'incompréhensible René Ghil, qui se donnait comme le poète de la science et de l'industrie modernes.

Tout comme l'auteur des *Nuits*, Auguste Barbier vitupérait l'industrie. Dans ses *Iambes*, des pièces comme "l'Idole," "la Machine," portent des condamnations sévères. La description qu'il fait, dans "Lazare," de Londres ville industrielle, est nettement dénigrante. Mais, dans la *Lyre d'airain* (1837), il décrit les machines et les usines en utilisant des termes techniques,—ce que lui reproche Gustave Planche (*Revue des Deux-Mondes*, 1837),—mais en donnant l'impression hallucinante et pittoresque de visions infernales. Toutefois, dans son poème "La Nature," Barbier conclut décidément contre la machine: "Ah! sur l'œuvre divine," écrit-il, "verra-t-on sans respect se vautrer la machine?" Et il chante l'éternité de la nature, qui reste souveraine et qui, à chaque instant, montre sa supériorité ou semble exercer sa vengeance sur les progrès mécaniques.

Auguste Vacquerie, malgré son admiration pour Hugo, qui, dès leur apparition, trouvait de l'agrément aux chemins de fer, n'hésitait pas à en déplorer la construction et l'usage (dans le chapitre "En wagon" de ses *Demi-Teintes*, 1845). Quant à Victor de Laprade, chanteur de l'*Art nouveau*, qui ne se montrait choqué ni comme esthète ni

comme moraliste, par le machinisme, il va, dans sa vieillesse, déplorer sans arrêt l'enlaidissement de l'univers par les applications de la science, dans des poèmes que publiait la *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, pourtant organe de tous les progrès ("Les Taureaux," 1853, "Les Symphonies," 1855).

Mais, à ces jérémiades déjà surannées et qui témoignaient d'une certaine insensibilité poétique, le romantisme s'opposait, fidèle à sa doctrine que le grotesque, le laid, l'horrible et même le bizarre, peuvent être des éléments de beauté et d'enthousiasme lyrique.

*Il n'est pas de serpent, pas de monstre odieux,
Qui, par l'art imité, ne puisse plaire aux yeux,*

disait déjà Boileau, et il est certain qu'un véritable poète doit pouvoir,—encore que l'expérience ait prouvé que ce fût malaisé—tirer un parti esthétique d'une locomotive en action. Mais ce que les romantiques n'admettaient point, c'est qu'un poète laissât échapper ce qu'il pouvait y avoir de poésie dans la machine. Un poète obscur de l'école lyonnaise, Jean Tisseur, dans une pièce où il magnifiait la locomotive, sa puissance équivalente à la beauté, plaignait ses confrères qui dédaignaient les beaux sujets que leur offrait le machinisme moderne; il est en train de transformer le monde,

*Et, pendant ce temps-là, vous vous taisez, poètes,
Vous les prophètes, les devins!
Vous n'avez rien compris à de telles conquêtes.
Assis au penchant des ravins,
Vous contemplez, frappés d'une stupeur profonde,
Le char qui partout se fait jour
Et vous n'avez de voix que pour crier au monde:
"L'âge de fer est de retour!"
Ah! trêve de sanglots, trêve de rêveries,
O poètes, levez les yeux!*

Le compatriote de Tisseur, le poète des "Deux Cortèges," Joséphin Soulayr, lui répondait en vers, opposant les beautés de la nature aux hideurs de l'industrie, mais comment un Lyonnais, fût-il poète, aurait-il pu se dérober à l'industrie et comment un poète, fût-il lyonnais, aurait-il pu le faire autrement qu'en la trouvant belle? C'est ce qui arriva donc à Soulayr et c'est dans un poème sur "la Soie,"—ce qui n'a rien pour étonner,—qu'il fit amende honorable aux beautés de la mécanique.

Elle avait ses défenseurs, et parmi les plus grands: Hugo, pour qui tout est matière à poésie et qui, devant toute chose, a le réflexe poétique;

Lamartine qui, dans sa "Marseillaise de la Paix," chantait "ces navires vivants dont la vapeur est l'âme" et qui, à la Chambre, sut le premier comprendre et défendre les chemins de fer; Vigny, enfin qui, s'il a peiné en les décrivant et fait à ce sujet des réserves toutes philosophiques, n'en a pas moins éprouvé la beauté de l'effort moderne. Contemplant Paris, la grande ville industrielle et son travail ininterrompu, il s'écriait:

*Je ne sais si c'est mal, tout cela, mais c'est beau,
Mais c'est grand! Mais on sent jusqu'au fond de son âme,
Qu'un monde tout nouveau se forge à cette flamme.*

Ainsi, une poésie nouvelle est née et des images nouvelles, un pittoresque nouveau, des thèmes neufs vont surgir du machinisme. Son mérite, à la fois utilitaire et esthétique, a été vu par un poète d'origine ouvrière, Pierre Lachambeaudie, qui consacrait toute une pièce de ses *Fables et poésies diverses* à la vapeur et la voyait se substituer aux génies et aux puissances mystérieuses de la poésie d'autrefois:

*Jadis, c'était le temps des contes fantastiques.
L'enchanteur et la fée, aussi prompts que l'éclair,
À leur gré parcouraient les royaumes de l'air.
La vapeur accomplit ces rêves poétiques.*

Les esthètes les plus entêtés du romantisme y viennent. Antony Deschamps, l'un des fondateurs de la *Muse* et de son cénacle, aux débuts de l'école, se déclare subjugué par la beauté farouche de la machine et il lui adresse ("Le travail et la vapeur"), ces vers:

*Etre prométhéen, ô céleste machine,
Ah! comme la sueur coule de ta poitrine.
Après tant de fatigue, ainsi qu'un noir coursier,
Tu reposes enfin tes quatre pieds d'acier.
Oui, je te chanterai, bizarre créature,
Je ne résiste plus, tu domptes ma nature!*

Le machinisme avait si bien gagné l'esprit des poètes qu'ils lui empruntaient parfois,—quand ils étaient médicore,—des comparaisons inattendues. Je n'en citerai qu'une seule. Elle est d'un certain Cuisin, qui, dans une "Ode à Rachel" (H. Fleischmann, *Rachel intime*, page 67) s'écrit:

*D'une locomotive on croirait voir du feu
Jaillir en jets ardents des flammes de son jeu.*

Un monde nouveau naissait du machinisme; celui-ci avait sa beauté et les poètes s'inclinaient. Il avait aussi son utilité et les poètes, ici encore,

allaient le chanter, chacun avec ses moyens. C'est l'Académie qui, en 1845, mettant au concours de poésie: "la découverte de la vapeur," cristallisa l'inspiration des poètes autour de ce sujet. Le machinisme, avec toutes ses applications, qui n'avait jusqu'alors inspiré que des productions sporadiques, devient l'objet d'un véritable genre littéraire. Le poète que l'Académie couronna, Amédée Pommier, avait commencé par boudier à l'industrie et avait exprimé l'idée qu'elle nous vend trop cher ses progrès. C'était, il est vrai, en 1842, au lendemain d'une catastrophe de chemin de fer qui avait fait de nombreuses victimes et provoqué plus de poèmes encore. Considérant les victimes, il disait amèrement:

*Devant de tels témoins, ô secte progressive,
Vantez-nous le pouvoir de la locomotive,
Vantez-nous la vapeur et les chemins de fer,
Ingénieux secret pour se tuer par masse. . .*

A ce raisonnement un peu court, c'est un ouvrier-poète qui répondait. Paul Germigny, s'exerçant à propos de ce même accident (*Une lyre à l'atelier*), concluait, après l'avoir déploré, que de tels faits ne pouvaient condamner le progrès et, à ceux qui parlaient d'y renoncer, il ripostait:

*Homme, n'interromps point l'œuvre de l'industrie.
Tes efforts, à la fin, dompteront la vapeur,
Et les anges, un jour, envieront ta patrie!*

La leçon avait porté, car Pommier, trois ans après, sur l'incitation du laurier académique à conquérir, avait aperçu les transformations du monde que la machinisme accomplissait. Il n'invectivait plus contre le progrès, loin de là, et disait:

*Ce qui me frappe, moi, dans mon humble ignorance,
C'est de voir qu'ici-bas tout change d'apparence,
C'est ce pouvoir nouveau, ressort universel,
Ame et principe actif du monde industriel. . .*

et, après en avoir énuméré les créations les plus significatives, sans oublier la locomotive, il terminait sur cette apostrophe aux "passéistes":

*Que voulez-vous enfin, champions du passé?
Comptez-vous, par hasard, forcer le genre humain
À faire halte ou même à rebrousser chemin?*

Cette fois, Pommier avait compris et la "secte progressive" pouvait compter un adepte de plus. Les saint-simoniens, car c'était eux surtout

qui composaient la secte, n'avaient cessé d'exalter la beauté et l'utilité de "l'exploitation rationnelle du globe." Leur prophète, Saint-Simon, avait écrit le *Catéchisme des industriels* et si bien gagné les poètes de son temps que Rouget de Lisle fit chanter en sa présence, dans les fameuses usines Ternaux, à Saint-Ouen, un *Chant des Industriels* qui était comme une réplique de sa *Marseillaise*, dont elle ne devait pas avoir l'immortelle fortune. En voici un échantillon où l'effort pour écrire une "Marseillaise" de l'industrie est visible:

*Déployant ses ailes dorées,
L'Industrie aux cent mille bras
Joyeuse, parcourt nos climats
Et fertilise nos contrées . . .
Honneur à vous, enfants de l'Industrie. . .*

Mais c'est assez citer des vers meilleurs par leur inspiration que par leur beauté. Il le fallait, pourtant, afin de prouver que les poètes ont aussi bien tiré parti de l'utilitarisme du machinisme que de son étrange beauté: peu d'entre eux ont su le faire avec bonheur. Mais Victor Hugo, dans le poème qui ouvre les *Voix intérieures*, s'en est chargé. Ce sont les vers célèbres que chacun se rappelle:

*Ce siècle est grand et fort. Un grand instinct le mène,
Partout on voit marcher l'idée en mission . . .
O poètes! le fer et la vapeur ardente
Effacent de la terre, à l'heure où vous rêvez,
L'antique pesanteur à tout objet pendante
Qui, sous les lourds essieux, broyait les durs pavés.
L'homme se fait servir par l'aveugle matière,
Il pense, il cherche, il crée. . .*

Reste à savoir si l'homme ne risque pas d'être asservi par la matière et c'est là un problème que les poètes n'ont pas esquivé, comme nous le verrons. Ceux dont le machinisme, avant de leur dispenser ses bienfaits, tend à faire ses serviteurs, ses esclaves, quand il ne les supplante pas purement et simplement, ce sont précisément les collaborateurs de la machine, ce sont les ouvriers. Et nous voilà jetés en plein dans les problèmes sociaux du machinisme qui, à chaque expansion nouvelle de la science appliquée, se posent brutalement devant les penseurs sociaux.

En 1830 et dans la période qui suivit, cet aspect du machinisme frappa les poètes et bouleversa leur conscience. Cela ne saurait étonner

chez des romantiques, amis des humbles et dont toute l'œuvre exhale la pitié. On ne s'étonnera pas non plus que, parmi eux, ce soit une femme qui, la première peut-être, ait posé dans ses vers le problème social du machinisme. Les insurrections de Lyon, en 1831, avaient fait découvrir une misère insoupçonnée et le caractère impitoyable d'un industrialisme sans conscience. Delphine Gay, dans ses "Ouvriers de Lyon" (poème écrit en 1831 et recueilli dans ses *Poésies complètes* en 1856), raille avec amertume le rêve de liberté du travail et d'égalité civique. Il se retourne contre l'ouvrier qui, "pauvre, nu, sans travail mais libre, meurt de faim." On abuse des grands mots et on néglige les intérêts véritables du peuple:

*Que les besoins du peuple, hélas! sont mal connus
Au siècle des grands mots et des petits esprits!*

L'idée juste s'accompagne là d'un sarcasme qui l'est un peu moins, mais on n'en veut pas à la poétesse de dire leur fait aux "libéraux éconômistes" de ce temps. Avec une réelle intelligence de ce que pourrait être un libéralisme social capable de plaire aux "capitalistes" eux-mêmes, elle les exhorte à ne pas ignorer les besoins du travailleur dont ils sont solidaires:

*Donnez, par égoïsme, à son active main,
Du pain pour aujourd'hui, du travail pour demain.*

Si Auguste Barbier avait quelque animosité contre le machinisme, c'était dû, sans nul doute, aux excès de misère qu'il entraînait alors et, dans les pièces que j'ai déjà citées, il montrait à vif ces plaies si douloureuses. Amédée Pommier les dévoilait aussi dans son poème académique:

*Le cœur se fend à voir ces sombres casemates,
Où des êtres humains, comme des automates,
Usant vie et santé, font machinalement
Du matin jusqu'au soir le même mouvement.*

Et il ajoute, introduisant ici un sentiment de révolte et même de haine de classes:

*Le tout, pour enrichir quelque oisif fabricant
Qui, dans le fond du cœur, n'est souvent qu'un brigand!*

La même épouvante en face des misères et de l'exploitation du peuple s'exprimait dans la "Melancholia" de Hugo, sans qu'on puisse dire quel est celui des deux poètes qui avait pu susciter l'inspiration de l'autre. En effet, si la pièce de Hugo, recueillie dans les *Contemplations*

qui parurent en 1846, est datée de 1838, H. Dupin, dans sa *Chronologie des Contemplations*, établie par de curieuses méthodes de statistique littéraire, assure que la pièce ne fut écrite qu'en 1846. Le certain, c'est que Hugo y garde le ton de la seule pitié et quand il s'élève jusqu'à l'invective, à propos du travail des enfants, c'est seulement à une conception fausse et barbare du travail des enfants qu'il s'en prend: "Maudit soit ce travail, au nom du travail même." Sa foi dans le progrès et l'hommage qu'il rend à toutes ses manifestations n'empêchaient pas le grand poète d'en apercevoir les dangers moraux.

Il s'effrayait que cela pût conduire à un féroce matérialisme, si l'on n'y prenait garde et si l'on n'y mettait obstacle:

*De tout ce grand éclat d'un siècle éblouissant,
Une chose, en secret, ô Jésus, m'épouvante,
C'est l'écho de ta voix qui va s'affaiblissant,*

disait-il en 1837: à ce moment, un magnifique mouvement de christianisme social commençait pour obtenir l'humanisation du travail industriel, au nom de la morale de l'Evangile. Les romantiques laïques, eux aussi, élevaient la voix: Michelet, dans le *Peuple* (page 172), montrait avec pathétique l'antinomie entre le progrès industriel dû aux machines et l'enfer social qu'elles créaient et il posait nettement le problème moral: "Les machines, disait-il, ont donné à l'homme, parmi tant d'avantages, une malheureuse faculté, celle d'unir les forces sans avoir besoin d'unir les cœurs, de coopérer sans aimer, d'agir et de vivre ensemble sans se connaître; la puissance morale d'association a perdu tout ce que gagnait la concentration mécanique."

Il ne s'agit plus seulement, maintenant, d'esthétique, d'utilité, ni même de pitié sociale. Les poètes élèvent d'un degré encore le problème du machinisme et l'abordent sur le plan moral, général et philosophique. La crainte de voir l'homme dominé par la machine inspire à Vigny le curieux passage sur les chemins de fer de sa "Maison du berger":

*Sur le taureau de fer qui fume, souffle et beugle,
L'homme est monté trop tôt. Nul ne connaît encor
Quels orages en lui porte ce rude aveugle . . .
Nous nous sommes joués à plus fort que nous tous!*

Mais ce pessimisme n'est point partagé par tous les contemporains. La plupart, dans leur optimisme général, font à la science et au machinisme une place de choix. L'affranchissement et le bonheur des hommes par la production scientifique sont rarement mis en doute. Bien loin de devenir l'esclave de la machine, c'est l'homme qui, par

elle, dompte la matière, assure Victor de Laprade, dans l'*Age nouveau*: "Pensée, esprit, raison, c'est la force qui crée" la machine,

*Et le monstre, docile aux caprices des hommes,
Se plie aux vils travaux de la bête de somme,*

ce qui était une vue juste et dont la réalisation s'opère chaque jour sous nos yeux. On retrouverait la même note chez le poète artiste Louis Bouilhet, dans ses *Fossiles* (1854). La tapageuse poétesse Louise Colet, dans son poème sur "la Colonie de Mettray" où elle décrivait et louait avec fougue les travaux manuels et mécaniques, assurait, de même, que "la science a soumis le globe à son empire."

Dans cette ivresse lyrique à l'égard des machines, celles-ci vont être données comme le symbole non seulement du progrès, dont elles répandent les bienfaits, mais aussi de tous les espoirs et de tous les idéaux de l'époque: la liberté, la république, la paix. Pour Hugo, la science est "la libératrice sombre qui fait sortir à son appel toutes les forces cachées au fond des gouffres" ("Force des choses," dans les *Châtiments*). Ses inventions créent la liberté. Il en est ainsi, par exemple, de la locomotive, que le poète apostrophe en ces termes:

*Par degrés, lentement, on voit sous ton haleine,
La liberté sortir des herbes de la plaine . . .
Du vieil univers mort briser la carapace . . .
Vivre, et tu rends le monde impossible aux tyrans.*

L'espace vaincu par les chemins de fer, c'était la liberté conquise. La pesanteur défiée par les ballons, c'était encore la liberté, pour le poète de "Plein Ciel." Pour d'autres, ces engins symbolisaient la République. Vers 1850, un nommé Pétin avait inventé une sorte de ballon qui se dirigeait, tant bien que mal, au moyen d'une chaîne de ballonnets accessoires. Cet appareil avait suscité autant d'espoirs que de curiosités. Les discussions à son sujet allaient leur train; les poètes y prenaient part à leur façon, qui était louangeuse, et les plus obscurs étaient ceux qui y mettaient le moins de réserve. Un certain Barillot écrivait un "Icare vengé par Pétin," où il disait:

*Le peuple, enfant d'un siècle où Dieu même s'explique,
Pour annoncer aux rois la grande République,
Va lancer dans les airs son premier messager . . .
Voyez comme il est beau, le navire Pétin,
Avec ses grands parois, ses globes de satin. . . .*

Il était beau, en 1850, le navire Pétin . . . il annonçait la République! D'autres développaient le thème de la paix assurée par la science,

suivant l'idée saint-simonienne que les peuples cesseraient d'être ennemis et ne seraient plus que des rivaux pour faire avancer la science et le progrès, dans la civilisation industrielle où ils entraient enfin, après des millénaires de civilisation militaire. C'est la science qui donnerait le bien-être par ses applications pratiques, et les joies de l'âme grâce à la recherche et à la découverte. Michelet, qui la spiritualise ainsi, la voit remplaçant la religion (*Le Banquet*, 1854) et, faisant voir en esprit à l'ouvrier lui-même, malgré le dur travail qu'elle lui impose, "le banquet fraternel de l'avenir." Un autre prophète de la science rénovatrice, Eugène Pelletan, dans sa *Profession de foi du XIX^e siècle* (1852), décrivait lyriquement "ce siècle missionnaire," qui "porte en lui une nouvelle effusion de la divinité," avec "ses miracles, ses coups d'Etat sur la nature, ses foudres et ses tonnerres allumés par la science et l'industrie."

Dès 1850, l'une et l'autre ont cause gagnée dans l'esprit public et dans la littérature. Il n'est, pour s'en convaincre, que d'ouvrir les revues et l'on y trouvera "les Féeries de la science," de Cormenin (*Revue de Paris*, 1851), les "Lettres et les arts au point de vue industriel" d'Hippolyte Castille (*Revue de Paris*, 1852), ailleurs encore "la Poésie et l'industrie" d'Achille Kaufmann, sans oublier le célèbre et d'ailleurs ironique article de Renan sur "la Poésie de l'Exposition" (*Journal des Débats*, 27 novembre 1855). C'est en 1855 que Maxime du Camp, habile à servir au public ce qu'il aime et peu soucieux d'en devancer les goûts, écrit ses *Chants modernes*, poèmes entièrement voués à la gloire de l'industrie. Bien que l'ouvrage soit postérieur à la date de 1850, donnée pour limite à cette étude et bien que l'auteur ne soit pas un pur romantique, nous ne pouvions omettre de les mentionner. Maxime du Camp se réfère expressément, en effet, à l'enseignement de ces grands romantiques sociaux que furent Saint-Simon et Fourier. Quand il écrit: "les poètes antiques parlaient de leur temps, . . . imitons-les et parlons du nôtre," il ne fait que reprendre la fameuse formule de Saint-Simon lui-même: "Les poètes antiques, tourmentés déjà par les regrets du passé, ont placé l'âge d'or derrière nous . . . Ils se sont trompés, j'en jure par l'éternel progrès: l'âge d'or est devant nous."

Ce fut la conviction de tous les romantiques et le mérite des poètes que j'ai cités aura été d'apercevoir, dès les débuts de l'ère scientifique, tous les problèmes esthétiques, moraux et sociaux qu'ils soulevaient. Comme poètes, convaincus que la poésie ne doit pas s'élaborer en vase clos, ils sont arrivés à comprendre jusqu'à la beauté de la machine. Comme moralistes, tout en voyant les dangers de matérialisme auxquels

sa nouvelle puissance pouvait exposer l'homme, ils ont néanmoins conclu à l'optimisme. Comme amis des humbles et conseillers du peuple, ils ont dénoncé les misères engendrées par la machine et sans cesse essayé de secouer l'indifférence ou d'émouvoir la sensibilité publique à leur endroit.

Si le romantisme n'a pas tiré de la science, pure ou appliquée, tout le parti littéraire qu'elle offrait, c'est lui, du moins, qui a créé la poésie sociale.

ROGER PICARD

Université de Paris

POETS AND PESSIMISM: VIGNY, HOUSMAN ET ALII

IN A PERIOD when pessimism is so frequently the dominant note of poetry, it is startling to read in Arnold Whitridge's essay *Vigny and Housman*¹ the statement that in the nineteenth century there seem to be only two poets "whose pessimism was the result of a definite philosophy." Such an assertion challenges question. First, I would ask: are both Vigny and Housman pessimists according to the definition suggested by Mr. Whitridge? Second, are they the only two among poets of the nineteenth century who can qualify? Without laying any claim to exhausting the list, I would call attention to three others: an Italian, a Frenchman and an Englishman. Mr. Whitridge rejects the first and does not mention the others. I submit that all are more absolute pessimists than either Vigny or Housman and that the first two have more claim to a definite philosophy of pessimism. Finally, I would seek in what is known of the lives of these poets an emotional experience which may contribute to an understanding of their attitude.

All depends on the definition of the words. Mr. Whitridge does not make clear what he understands by "philosophy." I shall assume that, for poets, it is the intellectual reaction to their experience of life, a reaction largely shaped by emotional experience.

A definition of pessimism is offered by Mr. Whitridge. According to him Thomas Hardy, for example, "was not literally speaking a pessimist at all. Pessimism is not the denial of significance in the ordering of the universe but the assumption of evil significance, and that assertion Hardy is careful to avoid. He never suggests, as Shakespeare sometimes does, particularly in *King Lear*, that as flies to wanton boys, so are we to the gods—They kill us for their sport." With this definition in itself I have no quarrel; I would however recall the conclusion of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*: "Justice was done and the President of the Immortals, in Aeschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess." In Hardy's poetry, pieces like "The Blow" (*Moments of Vision*) deserve consideration here.

1. *The American Scholar*, Spring, 1941.—Mr. Whitridge seems to have changed his view. In 1933 he wrote: "Any man who believes as profoundly as did Vigny in the value of effort can hardly be a thoroughgoing pessimist." (*Alfred de Vigny*, Oxford University Press, 1933), p. 183.

Now I doubt whether Vigny ever expresses such thoughts. On the contrary his Stoicism led him to seek a guiding hand in the Universe.

*Pour moi qui ne sais rien et vais du doute au rêve,
Je crois qu'après la mort, quand l'union s'achève,
L'âme retrouve alors la vue et la clarté.*

*Et calme, elle reprend, dans l'idéal bonheur,
La sainte égalité des esprits du Seigneur.*

(*La Flûte.*)

And Vigny never lost confidence in the power and dignity of thought:

*Jetons l'œuvre à la mer, la mer des multitudes:
Dieu la prendra du doigt pour la conduire au port.*

(*La Bouteille à la Mer.*)

Such lines place him outside of pessimism according to the definition quoted. In his darkest hours he suggests indifference of God and Nature and finds the world in a forlorn condition. And yet in his eyes the very pathos of life lends meaning to a philosophy of Stoicism and to the cult of Honor. Mr. Whitridge feels this trend in Vigny and states that Stoicism itself is imbued with pessimism, in that it leaves man to rely upon himself without supernatural aid. Such an interpretation is a widening of the first definition and arises rather from Christian doctrine than from the ancient Stoics. We may well question whether Vigny would have accepted it.²

Turning to Housman, I find in his serious verse *lacrimae rerum*. In a letter to his sister on the death of her son, he says: "It is the function of poetry to harmonise the sadness of the world."³ Richards quotes him as saying that he considers pessimism "almost as silly as optimism."⁴ Again he writes to a French correspondent: "I am not a pessimist but a peyorist (as George Eliot said she was not an optimist but a meliorist)," and he adds: "that is owing to my observation of the world, not to personal circumstances."⁵

A similar protest by Leopardi against a common explanation of his attitude comes to mind. In May 1832 he wrote to Luigi De Sinner:

2. Twice in *Le Journal d'un poète* Vigny remarks: "La religion du Christ est une religion de désespoir, puisqu'il désespère de la vie et n'espère qu'en l'éternité." (Ed. Baldensperger, London, 1928, p. 93.) On page 107 the same words re-occur, with the exception that the last phrase reads: "n'aspire qu'à l'éternité."

3. Grant Richards: *Housman*, 1897-1936, Oxford University Press, 1942, p. 37.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 271, note.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 271.—I have noted in Housman's poems but one direct assault on the Creator. See *Last Poems*, ix.

L'on a voulu considérer mes opinions philosophiques comme le résultat de mes souffrances particulières, et . . . l'on s'obstine à attribuer à mes circonstances matérielles ce qu'on ne doit qu'à mon entendement. Avant de mourir, je vais protester contre cette invention de la faiblesse et de la vulgarité, et prier mes lecteurs de s'attacher à détruire mes observations et mes raisonnements plutôt que d'accuser mes maladies.⁶

Now Leopardi is ruled out by Mr. Whitridge because his pessimism "was not a matter of choice. Granted his hypersensitive nature and the circumstances of his life, it was almost inevitable." For my part, I shall seek less to refute the pessimism of either Vigny or Housman than to examine three other nineteenth-century poets and then to find something common to all which may contribute in large measure to their gloom.

Bitter recrimination against the Creator is frequent in all three. Here is Leopardi:

*A voi, marmorei nuni,
(Se nuni avete in Flegetonte albergo
O su le nubi), a voi ludibrio e scherno
È la prole infelice
A cui templi chiedeste, e frodolenta
Legge al mortale insulta.*

(*Bruto Minore.*)

Leopardi regarded this poem as containing the essence of his philosophy. He wrote to Luigi De Sinner: "Mes sentiments envers la destinée ont été et sont toujours ceux que j'ai exprimés dans *Bruto Minore*."⁷

Similar anathema may be found in Leconte de Lisle. Of him, Edmond Estève remarks: "Néant des dieux, abjection des hommes, indifférence de la nature, tels sont les trois termes auxquels se ramène en substance son œuvre."⁸ I open *Poèmes barbares* and my eye falls on these lines:

*Dieu de la foudre, Dieu des vents, Dieu des armées,
Qui roules au désert les sables étouffants,
Qui te plais aux sanglots d'agonie, et défends
La pitié, Dieu qui fais aux mères affamées,
Monstrueuses, manger la chair de leurs enfants!*

*Dieu triste, Dieu jaloux qui dérobes ta face,
Dieu qui mentais, disant que ton œuvre était bon,*

6. *Epistolario*, (Ed. P. Viani, 1907), II, 478-479.

7. *Ibid.*, 478. This phrase and the one quoted above are in French in a letter written in Italian. It has been suggested that the poet attached special importance to them and wished to be sure that his correspondent should seize his exact meaning.

8. *Leconte de Lisle*, Paris, 1922, p. 140.

*Mon souffle, ô Pétrisseur de l'antique limon,
Un jour redressera ta victime vivace.
Tu lui diras: Adore! elle répondra: Non!*
(Qain.)

In England, there is James Thomson, author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. Again I quote typical lines from this famous poem:

*The vilest thing must be less vile than Thou
From whom it had its being, God and Lord!
Creator of all woe and sin! abhorred,
Malignant and implacable! I vow*

*That not for all Thy power furled and unfurled,
For all the temples to Thy glory built,
Would I assume the ignominious guilt
Of having made such men in such a world.*

Leopardi and Leconte de Lisle were profound students of the history of thought. Thomson received his education largely in the school of hard knocks. All would seem to qualify as pessimists if assertion of a cruel and evil significance in the universe is a passport to the City of Dreadful Night.

Let us now turn to the search for the origin of pessimism in these men. Most lyric poets are of hypersensitive nature, and, as with most other men, their intellectual as well as their emotional reaction to life—hence their “philosophy”—would seem to depend in no small measure on temperament. Ill health and uncongenial surroundings do not necessarily produce a pessimist. Granting the hypersensitive nature, can we discover any thing else in common between the poets we are considering? Leopardi may give us a hint. In a prose commentary on *Bruto Minore*, he writes: “Possiamo dire che i tempi di Bruto fossero l'ultima età dell'immaginazione, prevalendo finalmente la scienza e l'esperienza del vero e propagandosi anche nel popolo quanto bastava a produr la vecchiezza del mondo.”⁹ Leopardi was much given to analyzing his thought and the causes which shaped it. Here his private journal is of the greatest interest. In an early entry, he writes: “L'origine del sentimento profondo dell'infelicità, ossia lo sviluppo di quella che si chiama sensibilità, ordinariamente procede della mancanza o perdita delle grandi e vive illusioni.”¹⁰ In his *Journal*, in his letters, in his verse and in his prose dialogues we may follow the progressive loss of illusions. From early childhood he had sought glory through scholarship, and his

9. *Le Prose Morali* (Ed. I. Della Giovanna, Firenze, 1905), pp. 293-294.

10. Zibaldone, Firenze, 1913, I, 329-330.

toil left him a physical wreck—the laughing stock of his home town—and all but destroyed his eyes. His disappointment was of the bitterest as he came to realize that his philological studies were bringing him no wide fame. He dreamed of grandeur for Italy and saw her crushed under the heel of Austria. Born in an ardently Catholic family, he early lost his faith and came to regard all religion as an illusion. He sought consolation in nature, and some of his loveliest lyrics attest to his sensitivity to its beauty, yet at the end he declares:

È madre in parto e in voler matrigna.

(*La Ginestra.*)

So in love, his last "illusion," he was to find only bitterness and despair.

*Or poserai per sempre,
Stanco mio cor. Perf l'inganno estremo,
Ch'eterno io mi credei. Perf. Ben sento,
In noi di cari inganni,
Non che la speme, il desiderio è spento.*

*Al gener nostro il fato
Non donò che il morire. Ormai disprezza
Te, la natura, il brutto
Poter che, ascoso, a comun danno impera,
E l'infinita vanità del tutto.*

(*A se stesso.*)

The poet's own conviction was that experience, observation and reflexion had taught him that all noble and disinterested aspirations are only the offspring of illusion which is bound to perish as men find the truth. At times, truth itself appears to him only as a final mockery—the ultimate *niente*.

I find in Leopardi the most complete example of a man led to pessimism by the crash of ideals. Surely he generalizes from subjective experience, but what lyric poet can get outside of himself? I should place Vigny second to him in completeness of disillusion, but Vigny clung to Stoicism, to the cult of Honor—"la poésie du devoir" as he calls it—and to the dignity of thought. Hence his despair is less absolute.

Are we then to look for "illusions" in the Stoic Vigny? Has he not branded them as "le pain des sots?" His is the cult of honor. If Leopardi would have branded that too among "i cari inganni," Vigny is made of sterner stuff. But let us look once more; we shall find the twin brother of illusion even in him. He was the fourth child of an elderly father who

filled his memory with accounts of military exploits. In the opening chapter of *Servitude et grandeur militaires*, he says, in speaking of Frederic II:

Je m'étends ici, presque malgré moi, parce que ce fut le premier grand homme dont me fut tracé ainsi, en famille, le portrait d'après nature, et parce que mon admiration pour lui fut le premier symptôme de mon inutile amour des armes, la cause première d'une des plus complètes déceptions de ma vie.

Military life under the Restoration was far from heroic. On August 2, 1831, Vigny writes to his friend Brizeux: "*Ce n'est que cela!* j'ai dit ce mot-là depuis de toute chose, et je l'ai dit trop tôt. De là ma tristesse, née avec moi, il est vrai, mais pas si profonde qu'à présent."¹¹ And in *Le Journal d'un poète* he says: "*Cinq-Mars, Stello, Servitude et grandeur militaires* . . . sont en effet, les chants d'une sorte de poème épique sur la désillusion."¹² Again: "Le Docteur Noir seul parut en moi, Stello se cacha."¹³ . . . Le Docteur Noir est le côté humain et réel de tout; Stello a voulu ce qui devrait être, ce qu'il est beau d'espérer et de croire, de souhaiter pour l'avenir; c'est le côté divin."¹⁴ There is little joy in Vigny's works: illusion is rarely recognized until it has fled and Stello is always shadowed by his sombre companion. And yet Vigny finds an austere pleasure in tempering his spirit in the flame of disaster: he is perhaps the preeminent Stoic of the nineteenth century.

Leconte de Lisle disdains subjective expression (*Les Montreurs*), and would remain haughtily aloof, holding the power of generalization essential to the poet. (A similar conviction led Vigny to deal in symbols.) His biography makes clear that his great disillusion came in the political events of 1848. He had been fired with Utopian dreams which the disaster turned to gall:

Mais génie, espérance, amour, force et jeunesse
Sont là, morts, dans l'écume et le sang du combat.
(*Les Rêves morts.*)

Hence he sought refuge in art. A passionate lover of beauty, he felt keenly the charm of illusion and lamented its ephemeral essence:

O chère Vision, toi qui répands encore,
De la plage lointaine où tu dors à jamais,
Comme un mélancholique et doux reflet d'aurore
Au fond d'un cœur obscur et glacé désormais!

11. *Correspondance d'Alfred de Vigny* (ed. Emma Sakellaridès. Paris, n.d.), p. 45.

12. Ed. Baldensperger, p. 109.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 67.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 196.

*Mais quand il s'en ira dans le muet mystère
Où tout ce qui vécut demeure enseveli,
Qui saura que ton âme a fleuri sur la terre,
O doux rêve promis à l'infailible oubli?*

*Ah! tout cela, jeunesse, amour, joie et pensée,
Chants de la mer et des forêts, souffles du ciel
Emportant à plein vol l'Espérance insensée,
Qu'est-ce que tout cela, qui n'est pas éternel?*

(L'Illusion suprême.)

Of James Thomson his official biographer, H. S. Salt, says: "His nature was a compound of two diverse and warring elements, a light-hearted gayety and rich sensuous capacity for enjoyment, being set side by side with a constitutional and ever deepening melancholia."¹⁵ He had received in childhood an austere religious education—his mother was a Scotch Presbyterian—and later lost all faith. He attributed much of his gloom to the death of his youthful sweetheart, Mathilde Weller, whose memory haunts his poems.

*I ceased to follow, for the knot of doubt
Was severed sharply with a cruel knife;
He circled thus forever tracing out
The series of the fraction left of life;
Perpetual recurrence in the scope
Of but three terms: dead Faith, dead Love, dead Hope.*

(The City of Dreadful Night.)

Thomson translated Leopardi's *Dialogues* but does not himself elaborate any formal theory of illusion. Lines like the following reveal at least a significant trend in his melancholia:

*O antique fables! beautiful and bright
And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;
O antique fables! for a little light
Of that which shineth in you evermore,
To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,
And bathe our old world in a new surprise
Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.*

*But if it prove a mirage after all!
Our last illusion leaves us wholly bare
To bruise against Fate's adamantine wall,
Consumed or frozen in the pitiless air.*

15. *The Life of James Thomson, B.V.*, (Revised edition, London, 1898), p. 5.

*In all our world, beneath, around, above,
One only refuge, solace, triumph—Love,
Sole star of light in infinite black despair.*

(*Proem.*)

Housman was little given to self-revelation. We learn from his brother and sister that his failure in "Greats" at Oxford was a crushing blow to him and to his family. Mrs. Symons quotes *More Poems*, No. xxxiv, remarking that "it was in the month of May that the poet's life was marred by his bitter Oxford experience."

*May stuck the land with wickets:
For all the eye could tell,
The world went well.*

*Yet well, God knows, it went not,
God knows it went awry;
For me, one flowery Maytime,
It went so ill that I
Designed to die.*

*And if so long I carry
The lot that season marred,
'Tis that the sons of Adam
Are not so evil-starred
As they are hard.*

Mrs. Symons adds: "It should not be concluded that all the bitterness in A.E.H.'s poetry springs from his academic catastrophe. Much of it comes from his early broodings; and, according to my reading of his troubles, these brought him a spiritual disaster as well: he failed to find happiness from ideals formed in youth that he had expected to bring happiness to him."¹⁶

The last words are, I think, applicable to Leopardi, Leconte de Lisle and James Thomson, as well as to Vigny and Housman. It would be possible to note various points of similarity or contrast among them: I have confined myself to some consideration of their attitude toward the Creator and to their alleged *assertion of evil significance in the ordering of the universe*. On this count at least Vigny does not appear as the most pessimistic. I believe it would be hard to prove that there is more "philosophy" in Vigny or in Housman than in Leopardi or in Leconte de Lisle. I find in all an extreme sensitiveness, more or less cloaked, but

16. Grant Richards, *op. cit.*, "Introduction," pp. xvi-xvii.

always struck to the quick by the crash of hopes and ideals which they came to regard as illusions.

There are other poets of pessimism: their "philosophy" may have other causes: for these five at least, shattered ideals—or illusions—of youth barbed the poisonous dart. Most of us have known its sting. That may answer in part Mr. Whitridge's query: how explain the hold that poets of pessimism have on mankind.

BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE

Reed College

THE PROUSTIAN MANNER

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF PROUST'S THEORIES on style comes from his published correspondence, from some of his articles, and from passages in *A la recherche du temps perdu*, especially from the last chapter of *Le Temps retrouvé*. Although these pronouncements vary in date from 1896 ("Contre l'obscurité,") to 1921 (letter to Camille Vettard, *Correspondance générale*, III, 194-195), they are on the whole consistent.

That his practice of style should be less consistent, both with itself and with his theories, is only to be expected. Little would be gained by an attempt to compare, point by point, Proust's theory and his practice. For one thing, there is bound to be a considerable residuum on the side of practice that is unexplained by theory; for another, it is not always possible to determine whether a given theory has served as a genuine starting point for writing, or whether it is an explanation or apology for something already written, possibly for other than the proffered reasons. But the theories, whether before or after the event, are illuminating: taken in conjunction with the practice, they show us what he thought he was doing; what he thought he was doing is a part of what he was; and what he was lies at the back of everything he wrote. A complete analysis of Proust's theory and practice would come close to being a full revelation of his mind and character, an impossibly ambitious undertaking. What can be done is to isolate and analyze certain striking characteristics of his style, and thereby arrive at a clearer idea of his individuality as a writer. This "Proustian manner" will be something of an abstraction, a decantation of his intentions and their application over a period of years.

The most fundamental of Proust's theories on style may be classified under two main heads: first, the theory of essences, involving involuntary memory, the time factor, contemplation, and the metaphor; and second, the functions and inter-relationship of intelligence and sensibility.

The theory of essences underlies an often-quoted passage which has been called the key to Proust's style:

Ce que nous appelons la réalité est un certain rapport entre ces sensations et ces souvenirs qui nous entourent simultanément—rapport que supprime une simple vision cinématographique, laquelle s'éloigne par là d'autant plus du vrai qu'elle prétend se borner à lui—rapport unique que l'écrivain doit retrouver pour en enchaîner à jamais dans sa phrase les deux termes différents. On peut faire se succéder indéfiniment dans une description les objets qui

figuraient dans le lieu décrit, la vérité ne commencera qu'au moment où l'écrivain prendra deux objets différents, posera leur rapport, analogue dans le monde de l'art à celui qu'est le rapport unique, de la loi causale, dans le monde de la science et les enfermera dans les anneaux nécessaires d'un beau style, ou même, ainsi que la vie, quand en rapprochant une qualité commune à deux sensations, il dégagera leur essence en les réunissant l'une et l'autre pour les soustraire aux contingences du temps, dans une métaphore, et les enchaînera par le lien indescriptible d'une alliance de mots.¹

It is the business of the writer, according to Proust, to portray reality, and reality is not achieved by simple cinematographic vision; it lies in a relation, established by sensations, between a moment of the present and a moment of the past; it also lies in the relation, perceived in contemplation, between two objects viewed simultaneously, or of which one is viewed and the other imagined or voluntarily recalled. The principle by which such relationships exist is the essence.

Only the stylistic applications of this theory need concern us here. What Proust wants to do in his writing is to lay things side by side—a moment of the present beside a moment of the past, one object seen beside another with which it has a relation of essence. This laying side by side is what he means by a metaphor, a procedure more extended and more important than the verbal device to which we usually apply the term.

Such, at least, is the theory. That it should be applied to the "privileged moments,"—that series of ecstatic experiences of involuntary memory or of contemplation—goes without saying; the theory itself is derived by the narrator from these moments. But nine or ten such incidents do not furnish all of Proust's materials; they provide the impetus, they create, or re-create, the atmosphere in which the past can be remembered, and remembered affectively, not with cold intelligence. What is needed further is, as Proust puts it, "l'approfondissement d'impressions qu'il fallait d'abord recréer par la mémoire" (*Le Temps retrouvé*, II, 243). Stylistically this exploration in depth is supplied by repeatedly bringing the past up to enrich the present, and by comparisons based on relations of essence. Obviously "flashbacks" and imagery are among the commonest tools of any creative writer; it is only the unusually continuous and insistent use of them that is peculiarly Proustian.

Take, for example, a passage from *Du côté de chez Swann*, the basically simple account of a walk on the Guermantes side of Combray, an account which follows—immediately, logically, and with carefully

1. *Le Temps retrouvé*, II, 39-40 (*À la recherche du temps perdu*, N.R.F., 1919-1927. 8 pts. in 16 v.).

marked transition—upon the description of walks on the Méséglise side. Stripped of orchestration, here are the steps:

1. For walks on the Guermantes side, good weather was necessary.
2. This condition fulfilled, they set out by the garden gate and entered the rue des Perchamps.
3. From the rue des Perchamps they went into the rue de l'Oiseau, and passed before an old inn.
4. Then they came to the Mall, and so to the river Vivonne.

Proust takes some seven hundred words to get through these steps, not over fifty of which are needed for the action. Without stopping to examine the whole passage in detail, we can get some idea of the method by quoting one of the briefer orchestrations in it, that for step 2:

On partait tout de suite après déjeuner par la petite porte du jardin et on tombait dans la rue des Perchamps, étroite et formant un angle aigu, remplie de graminées au milieu desquelles deux ou trois guêpes passaient la journée à herboriser, aussi bizarre que son nom d'où me semblaient dériver ses particularités curieuses et sa personnalité revêche, et qu'on chercherait en vain dans le Combray d'aujourd'hui où sur son tracé ancien s'élève l'école. Mais ma rêverie (semblable à ces architectes élèves de Viollet-le-Duc, qui, croyant retrouver sous un jubé Renaissance et un autel du xvii^e siècle les traces d'un chœur roman, remettent tout l'édifice dans l'état où il devait être au xii^e siècle), ne laisse pas une pierre du bâtiment nouveau, reperce et "restitue" la rue des Perchamps. Elle a d'ailleurs pour ces reconstitutions, des données plus précises que n'en ont généralement les restaurateurs: quelques images conservées par ma mémoire, les dernières peut-être qui existent encore actuellement, et destinées à être bientôt anéanties, de ce qu'était le Combray du temps de mon enfance; et parce que c'est lui-même qui les a tracées en moi avant de disparaître, émouvantes,—si on peut comparer un obscur portrait à ces effigies glorieuses dont ma grand'mère aimait à me donner des reproductions—comme ces gravures anciennes de la Cène ou ce tableau de Gentile Bellini dans lesquels l'on voit en un état qui n'existe plus aujourd'hui le chef-d'œuvre de Vinci et le portail de Saint-Marc.²

Here, instead of describing the street objectively, Proust attempts to re-create its atmosphere by evoking its past, and by establishing a relation of essence between the present and past states of the street on the one hand and the present and past states of masterpieces of art on the other.

A more definite evocation of Marcel's own past occurs in the same chapter in connection with the study of his uncle Adolphe. The family is in the dining room, where Marcel is inclined to loiter despite Françoise's anxiety to have done with the meal. At his mother's urging he finally

2. *Swann*, I, 238-239.

makes a start for his room, stopping first for a visit to the garden pump; then he passes the little room which his uncle used to use, and which has a characteristic cool, musty odor. But Uncle Adolphe no longer comes to Combray; to convey the full quality of the perception of this room Marcel must make a considerable excursion into the past, tell us about Uncle Adolphe and his habits, relate them to his own childish infatuation with the theatre, recount the call he made on his uncle and his meeting there with the "lady in pink" (Odette), a call that led directly to the severance of relations between the uncle and Marcel's immediate family. All this takes eleven pages, but for Proust it is not a digression; it is a necessary part of his description of reality, which is not the immediate perception alone, but that perception plus the memory of the past in which it is steeped.

The relation of these eleven pages to their context is something not far from the much-discussed Proustian discontinuity. But the passage is not quite discontinuous, because it is bounded and explained by clear transition sentences. At the beginning we read: "Mais depuis nombre d'années je n'entrais plus dans le cabinet de mon oncle Adolphe, ce dernier ne venant plus à Combray à cause d'une brouille, qui était survenue entre lui et ma famille, par ma faute, dans les circonstances suivantes . . ."³

And at the end: "Aussi je n'entrais plus dans le cabinet de repos, maintenant fermé, de mon oncle Adolphe. . ."⁴

Most strikingly discontinuous are blocks of material laid side by side without transition or explanation, a procedure of which we have several examples in *Swann*, backed up by data which come from outside the covers of the novel and which give us a glimpse of Proust at work.

In 1912 the original manuscript of *Swann* was ready, as Proust then thought, for the press. Between March of that year and March 1913, he published in the *Figaro* four pieces that came, seemingly, from his manuscript. All of them are well worth comparison with the published text of *Swann*, but the first, "Épine blanche, épine rose," which appeared on March 21, 1912, is perhaps the most useful for the light it casts on discontinuity.

When we compare the two versions, we find that, except for two short introductory paragraphs necessitated by its detachment from context, the whole of the article appears in the novel and in its original order. The small stylistic changes and additions which merely continue

3. *Swann*, I, 108.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 119.

and elaborate the intention of the article are of slight consequence and may be disregarded; the really striking feature of the comparison is that the text of the article is in the novel broken up by apparently irrelevant interpolations, which vary in length from a long half-sentence to thirty-one pages. We have here a series of prime examples of discontinuity.

These interpolations, in order, are: two pages about M. Vinteuil and his daughter; a half sentence about Mlle Vinteuil; thirteen lines about M. Vinteuil and his daughter; thirty-one pages devoted to Aunt Léonie, Françoise, the "Charité de Giotto," the important distinction between the two "ways" of Méséglise and Guermites, the meeting with Mme Swann, Charlus, and, at the point where the article is resumed, Gilberte; six pages about Gilberte and the reverberations of her name, with a small amount about Aunt Léonie.

It is immediately clear that the dispersal of the material about the hawthorn blossoms injects their atmosphere into the current of Marcel's life more effectively than would the insertion of an unbroken block of description. Less obvious are the reasons for the abrupt juxtaposition of the blossoms first with Mlle Vinteuil and second with Gilberte. The interpolation-points that concern Mlle Vinteuil are shown in the text below, which is from *Swann*, italics indicating material of the article, whether or not verbal changes have been made:

Le samedi avait encore ceci de particulier que ce jour-là, pendant le mois de mai, nous sortions après le dîner pour aller au "mois de Marie."

Comme nous y rencontrions parfois M. Vinteuil, très sévère pour "le genre déplorable des jeunes gens négligés, dans les idées de l'époque actuelle," ma mère prenait garde que rien ne clochât dans ma tenue, puis on partait pour l'église. *C'est au mois de Marie que je me souviens d'avoir commencé à aimer les aubépines.* [Half a page from the article, which continues:] *Plus haut s'ouvraient leurs corolles çà et là avec une grâce insouciance, retenant si négligemment comme un dernier et vaporeux atour le bouquet d'étamines, fines comme des fils de la Vierge, qui les embrumait tout entières, qu'en suivant, qu'en essayant de mimer au fond de moi le geste de leur efflorescence, je l'imaginai comme si ç'avait été le mouvement de tête étourdi et rapide, au regard coquet, aux pupilles diminuées, d'une blanche jeune fille, distraite et vive.* M. Vinteuil était venu avec sa fille se placer à côté de nous. [Two pages not in the article.] Quand elle venait de prononcer une parole elle l'entendait avec l'esprit de ceux à qui elle l'avait dite, s'alarmait des malentendus possibles et on voyait s'éclaircir, se découper comme par transparence, sous la figure hommasse du "bon diable," les traits plus fins d'une jeune fille explorée. [The article resumes:]

Quand, au moment de quitter l'église, je m'agenouillai devant l'autel, je sentis tout d'un coup, en me relevant, s'échapper des aubépines une odeur amère et douce

d'amandes, et je remarquai alors sur les fleurs de petites places plus blondes, sous lesquelles je me figurai que devait être cachée cette odeur comme sous les parties gratinées le goût d'une frangipane ou sous leurs taches de rousseur celui des joues de Mlle Vinteuil. *Malgré la silencieuse immobilité des aubépines*. . . ⁵

The simile near the end of the passage, comparing the spots on the hawthorn blossoms to the freckles on Mlle Vinteuil's cheeks, reveals the significance of the discontinuity: Proust is establishing a relation of essence between the delicate, feminine side of Mlle Vinteuil's dual nature and the blossoms, which seem to him, with his usual predilection for personification, like shy young girls.

The case of Gilberte is somewhat different. Her sudden appearance interrupts Marcel in his contemplation of a pink blossom that stands out against the white ones. It is the first time he has seen her, although she already enjoys in his heart, because she knows Bergotte, a prestige not far from love. Thereafter she and the flowers are indissolubly associated: ". . . comme Gilberte avait été mon premier amour pour une jeune fille, elles avaient été mon premier amour pour une fleur" (*Jeunes Filles*, III, 216). This early Gilberte becomes a group of memories centering "autour d'une phrase de Bergotte avec laquelle ils faisaient corps et baignés d'un parfum d'aubépines" (*Le Temps retrouvé*, II, 183); just as later Albertine is to evoke the seashore where Marcel first meets her.⁶

The whole episode of "Un Amour de Swann" is an example of discontinuity for similar purposes, but on a much larger scale. The "Combray"

5. *Swann*, I, 163-166.

6. We still do not know the exact relation of the article to the corresponding passages of the novel. In the original manuscript of *Swann* were the passages about Mlle Vinteuil and Gilberte, and other discontinuities, already present, and did Proust strike them out, to make a continuous article about hawthorn blossoms? Or were they added after the publication of the article, and as a refinement of the original intention? In April, 1912, shortly after publication of the article, Proust, then busy on proof of *Swann*, wrote: "Mes corrections jusqu'ici (j'espère que cela ne continuera pas) ne sont pas des corrections. Il ne reste pas une ligne sur 20 du texte primitif (remplacé d'ailleurs par un autre)." (*Correspondance générale*, IV, 58). The assumption that the interpolations were among these multiple changes would seem to bear out Feuillerat's theory that Proustian discontinuity is the result of additions to the original text. Yet surely, in face of the evident intention behind these particular additions, if additions they were, he is going too far when he says: "Le discontinu du développement proustien—pour employer une expression à la mode—n'a nullement été voulu par l'auteur. C'est l'effet d'un pur accident, ou plutôt c'est la conséquence inévitable de la dangereuse méthode de révision adoptée" (*Comment Marcel Proust a composé son roman*, 1934, pp. 109-110). Feuillerat is concerned particularly with discontinuity in the later and much expanded volumes of *A la recherche du temps perdu*, where much of it may well be unintentional and a defect; but if deliberate discontinuity is present in *Swann*, the method cannot summarily be dismissed from the whole work as an accident. And what difference does the time of the interpolations make, if the author's final and deliberate intention was to introduce discontinuity?

chapter tells us of the beginning of Marcel's love for Gilberte. Now not only does Gilberte, as we are later told, bear within her partial replicas of the conflicting personalities of both her parents, Swann and Odette, but Marcel's character and conduct in love stand, by the "law" of repetition, in a relation of essence to those of Swann in love; so that to get at the exact quality of Marcel's experiences with Gilberte, it is necessary to lay beside them the earlier experiences of Swann with Odette. In this way the two-hundred-odd pages of "Un Amour de Swann" are a gigantic Proustian metaphor.

But in addition to these large organisms of style Proust insists on the importance of the unicellular image. As he wrote to Louis de Robert in praise of Francis Jammes:

Ne sût-il pas mettre ses sensations en ordre, faire un livre, même un conte, même un paragraphe, même une phrase, il lui resterait que la cellule même, l'atome, c'est-à-dire l'épithète et l'image sont chez lui d'une profondeur et d'une justesse que personne n'atteint. Au fond de nous nous sentons bien que les choses sont ainsi, mais nous n'avons pas la force d'aller jusqu'à ce fond extrême où gît la vérité, l'univers réel, notre impression authentique.⁷

What Proust admires in Jammes is the ideal which he has set himself. How close he seems to have come to his ideal in a given instance is largely a matter of the reader's taste. In Proust's abundant imagery there is a large middle group of examples, about which judgments will differ widely; but on both sides of this middle there are extremes about which there can be substantial agreement, and which reveal the virtues and vices of his style.

Here are two examples of successful images:

Scul, je restai simplement devant le Grand-Hôtel à attendre le moment d'aller retrouver ma grand'mère, quand, presque encore à l'extrémité de la digue où elles faisaient mouvoir une tache singulière, je vis s'avancer cinq ou six fillettes, aussi différentes, par l'aspect et par les façons, de toutes les personnes auxquelles on était accoutumé à Balbec, qu'aurait pu l'être, débarquée on ne sait d'où, une bande de mouettes qui exécute à pas comptés sur la plage,—les retardataires rattrapant les autres en voletant,—une promenade dont le but semble aussi obscur aux baigneurs qu'elles ne paraissent pas voir, que clairement déterminé pour leur esprit d'oiseaux.⁸

A group of fruit trees in bloom offer Marcel a moment of rest and encouragement in depression:

7. Louis de Robert, *Comment débuta Marcel Proust*, 1925, p. 40.

8. *Jeunes Filles*, III, 35.

Ces arbustes que j'avais vus dans le jardin, en les prenant pour des dieux étrangers, ne m'étais-je pas trompé comme Madeleine quand, dans un autre jardin, un jour dont l'anniversaire allait bientôt venir, elle vit une forme humaine et "crut que c'était le jardinier." Gardiens des souvenirs de l'âge d'or, garants de la promesse que la réalité n'est pas ce qu'on croit, que la splendeur de la poésie, que l'éclat merveilleux de l'innocence peuvent y resplendir et pourront être la récompense que nous nous efforcerons de mériter, les grandes créatures blanches merveilleusement penchées au-dessus de l'ombre propice à la sieste, à la pêche, à la lecture, n'était-ce pas plutôt des anges?⁹

The poetic effectiveness of these images—the adolescent girls as a band of seagulls, the trees as angels by the Sepulcher—is due to the fact that beneath the superficial unlikeness of the objects compared is a symbolic likeness, which does not occur to the reader unaided as in the case of the banal simile, but which, once pointed out, strikes him as consistent and true. The idea behind physically disparate phenomena is shown to be the same: in other words Proust has, to use his own terms, successfully established a relation of essence.

Sometimes images, individually effective, succeed one another in such profusion that they lose some of their force, as in the following passage, where aged archbishops, a trembling leaf, a narrow summit, living stilts, and church spires get in each other's way:

Je venais de comprendre pourquoi le duc de Guermantes, dont j'avais admiré, en le regardant assis sur une chaise, combien il avait peu vieilli bien qu'il eût tellement plus d'années que moi au-dessous de lui, dès qu'il s'était levé et avait voulu se tenir debout avait vacillé sur des jambes flageolantes comme celles de ces vieux archevêques sur lesquels il n'y a de solide que leur croix métallique et vers lesquels s'empressent les jeunes séminaristes, et ne s'était avancé qu'en tremblant comme une feuille, sur le sommet peu praticable de quatre-vingt-trois années, comme si les hommes étaient juchés sur de vivantes échasses grandissant sans cesse, parfois plus hautes que des clochers, finissant par leur rendre la marche difficile et périlleuse, et d'où tout d'un coup ils tombent.¹⁰

Had Proust lived to revise the volume from which this passage is taken he might have eliminated some of the confusion of images.

But there are many other examples of unsure imagery which lack the excuse of want of revision, and which, indeed, seem to suffer from the opposite defect, that of being too much worked over. The following example shows him on the verge of preciosity:

9. *Le Côté de Guermantes*, I, 144.

10. *Le Temps retrouvé*, II, 260-261.

Parfois dans le ciel de l'après-midi passait la lune blanche comme une nuée, furtive, sans éclat, comme une actrice dont ce n'est pas l'heure de jouer et qui, de la salle, en toilette de ville, regarde un moment ses camarades, s'effaçant, ne voulant pas qu'on fasse attention à elle.¹¹

In a later passage in which the moon appears, still living, still feminine, but also like an over-ripe orange that is shortly to become pure gold—we can probably agree that Proust has overstepped the bounds and become affected:

Comme je n'étais pas pressé d'arriver à cette soirée des Guermantes où je n'étais pas certain d'être invité, je restais oisif dehors; mais le jour d'été ne semblait pas avoir plus de hâte que moi à bouger. Bien qu'il fût plus de neuf heures, c'était lui encore qui sur la place de la Concorde donnait à l'obélisque de Louqsor un air de nougat rose. Puis il en modifia la teinte et le changea en une matière métallique de sorte que l'obélisque ne devint pas seulement plus précieux, mais sembla aminci et presque flexible. On s'imaginait qu'on aurait pu tordre, qu'on avait peut-être déjà légèrement faussé ce bijou. La lune était maintenant dans le ciel comme un quartier d'orange pelé délicatement quoique un peu entamé. Mais elle devait plus tard être faite de l'or le plus résistant. Blottie toute seule derrière elle, une pauvre petite étoile allait servir d'unique compagne à la lune solitaire, tandis que celle-ci, tout en protégeant son amie, mais plus hardie et allant de l'avant, brandirait comme une arme irrésistible, comme un symbole oriental, son ample et merveilleux croissant d'or.¹²

There are, in this bit of description, two striking defects: saccharine and inconsistent images (pink nougat obelisk turning into a jewel; moon like a peeled and slightly damaged quarter of orange, then gold, then an oriental symbol, then an irresistible weapon); and coy personification (poor little star huddled behind her bolder friend the moon). Add to these excesses elaborate mythological metaphors, and you have a rough catalogue of the principal defects of Proust's ornate manner. Other passages of this character are: the asparagus (*Swann*, I, 176), a description of fruit (*Jeunes Filles*, II, 136), apostrophe to the hawthorn blossoms (*ibid.*, III, 215–216), the box at the opera (*Guermantes*, I, 36 ff.), the Ladies of the Telephone (*Guermantes*, I, 119–120). In accordance with the individual taste of the reader, the list might be greatly extended; possible further inclusions are parts of otherwise beautiful passages on music in *Swann* and *La Prisonnière*, which read like elaborately synesthetic program notes.

11. *Swann*, I, 211.

12. *Sodome et Gomorrhe* (2), I, 7–8.

We are fairly safe in assuming that this preciosity belongs to Proust's earlier writing. Of the passages quoted and referred to, two come from *Swann*, two each from *Jeunes Filles* and *Guermantes* (three having formed a part of his original second volume and the fourth, about the Ladies of the Telephone, having been utilized in an article in the *Figaro* on March 20, 1907), and only one, the description of the moon from *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, cannot definitely be identified as early writing, although it may well have been.

Further evidence that Proust outgrew his preciosity is to be found in the objectivity with which, through Albertine, he parodies himself; listening to her, Marcel both recognizes his own manner and finds it "a little too well said":

Elle me dit (et je fus malgré tout profondément attendri car je pensai: certes je ne parlerais pas comme elle, mais tout de même sans moi elle ne parlerait pas ainsi, elle a subi profondément mon influence, elle ne peut donc pas ne pas m'aimer, elle est mon œuvre): "Ce que j'aime dans ces nourritures criées, c'est qu'une chose entendue comme une rhapsodie, change de nature à table et s'adresse à mon palais. Pour les glaces (car j'espère bien que vous ne m'en commanderez que prises dans ces moules démodés qui ont toutes les formes d'architecture possible), toutes les fois que j'en prends, temples, églises, obélisques, rochers, c'est comme une géographie pittoresque que je regarde d'abord et dont je convertis ensuite les monuments de framboise ou de vanille en fraîcheur dans mon gosier." Je trouvais que c'était un peu trop bien dit, mais elle sentit que je trouvais que c'était bien dit et elle continua en s'arrêtant un instant quand sa comparaison était réussie pour rire de son beau rire qui m'était si cruel parce qu'il était si voluptueux: "Mon Dieu, à l'hôtel Ritz je crains bien que vous ne trouviez des colonnes Vendôme de glace, de glace au chocolat ou à la framboise, et alors il en faut plusieurs pour que cela ait l'air de colonnes votives ou de pylônes élevés dans une allée à la gloire de la Fraîcheur."¹³

And through more than a page Albertine continues to elaborate her praise of ice cream, in the manner, only slightly exaggerated, of Marcel describing asparagus, fruit, or the moon. For his parody Proust has seized upon the basic fault of his precious style: disproportion between the objects described and the elaborate image.

But this disproportion, which we call preciosity when it is unsuccessful, can, when used with full consciousness of its nature, become amusing; indeed the chief source of humor in Proust, as in most writers, is incongruity. Examples are so numerous, and so familiar to students of Proust, that quotation and analysis are unnecessary. Specimens are the

13. *La Prisonnière*, I, 176-177.

passage on monocles (*Swann*, II, 157-158), Mme de Cambremer's head as a metronome (*ibid.*, 160), the grandmother by the open window in the Balbec hotel (*Jeunes Filles*, II, 104), M. de Bréauté talking to Marcel (*Guermites*, II, 110-111).

A similar effect is often produced by *adjectifs désaccordés*: "des tourbillons ennemis, pervers et délicieux" (*Swann*, I, 50), "la meute éparse, magnifique et désœuvrée de grands valets de pied" (*Swann*, II, 153), "leur nom féminin, désœuvré et doux" (*ibid.*, p. 287), "un fauteuil délicieux, hostile et scandalisé" (*Jeunes Filles*, I, 154-155), "les touristes méprisants, dépeignés et furieux" (*Jeunes Filles*, II, 104), "un accès de toux cordial et contagieux" (*Sodome et Gomorrhe* (2), III, 94). Sometimes, particularly in *Swann*, the application of adjectives is heavy-handed, as "l'odeur médiane, poisseuse, fade, indigeste et fruitée du couvre-lit à fleurs" (*Swann*, I, 77), "les deux clochers ciselés et rustiques de Saint-André-des-Champs, eux-mêmes effilés, écaillés, imbriqués d'alvéoles, guillochés, jaunissants et grumeleux, comme deux épis" (*Swann*, I, 211). Both in the choice of images and in the handling of adjectives, apparently, Proust learned sobriety with practice and the passage of time.¹⁴

The second heading of Proust's theories on style concerns sensibility and intelligence. The distinction between the two faculties is tenuous, for without some degree of emotion intelligence would scarcely bother to express itself, and without some degree of intelligence sensibility could never be communicated. Nevertheless the distinction is one to which Proust frequently recurs, and it has a certain limited utility in distinguishing the chief source of inspiration. One may say that there is an emotional manner, inspired by affective memory and used, for the most part, in poetic description; and that there is an intellectual manner, applied in portraiture, satire, humor, analysis, and abstract speculation.

To say that the emotional manner is early Proust and the intellectual manner late Proust is too simple, and will not bear analysis.¹⁵ It can justly be maintained that he shows a trend away from poetic sensitivity toward disillusioned rationalism. Not only has Professor Feuillerat's study of the war-time additions demonstrated their prevailingly intellectual (and pessimistic) tone, but there are several passages in the novel itself that dispose us to accept this view. As Proust says in the final volume:

14. For the probable early date of Proust's "gongorism" and other aspects of his early and late writing, we are indebted to Feuillerat's valuable *Comment Marcel Proust a composé son roman*.

15. Cf. J.-A. Bédé, "Marcel Proust," in *Le Flambeau*, March, 1936, pp. 311-324; April, 1936, pp. 439-452.

Souvent des écrivains au fond de qui n'apparaissent plus ces vérités mystérieuses, n'écrivent plus à partir d'un certain âge qu'avec leur intelligence qui a pris de plus en plus de force; les livres de leur âge mûr ont à cause de cela plus de force que ceux de leur jeunesse, mais ils n'ont plus le même velours.¹⁶

And elsewhere, bringing the application closer to himself, he makes his narrator say:

Au vrai, comme ces plantes qui se dédoublent en poussant, en regard de l'enfant sensitif que j'avais uniquement été, lui faisait face maintenant un homme opposé, plein de bon sens, de sévérité pour la sensibilité malade des autres. . . .¹⁷

But the trend toward intellectualism Marcel notes with regret:

Si jamais j'ai pu me croire poète, je sais maintenant que je ne le suis pas. Peut-être dans la nouvelle partie de ma vie si desséchée, qui s'ouvre, les hommes pourraient-ils m'inspirer ce que ne me dit plus la nature. . . . Mais en me donnant cette consolation d'une observation humaine possible venant prendre la place d'une inspiration impossible, je savais que je cherchais seulement à me donner une consolation et que je savais moi-même sans valeur.¹⁸

Skill in psychological analysis, satire, and humorous portraiture, all of which may be called the intellectual manner, are strongly represented in "Un Amour de Swann," which is relatively early Proust; and among the additions to the later volumes, despite their prevailingly intellectual tone, can be found many passages confirming his early preference for intuitive emotional perception, and its recall by affective memory, over the observations of the intelligence. Here is a single example:

. . . la meilleure part de notre mémoire est hors de nous, dans un souffle pluvieux, dans l'odeur de renfermé d'une chambre ou dans l'odeur d'une première flambée, partout où nous retrouvons de nous-mêmes ce que notre intelligence, n'en ayant pas l'emploi, avait dédaigné, la dernière réserve du passé, la meilleure, celle qui quand toutes nos larmes semblent taries, sait nous faire pleurer encore.¹⁹

Among the "privileged moments," of crucial theoretic importance to the emotional manner, one (the incident of the three trees, *Jeunes Filles*, II, 162) is re-enforced by an addition, and another (the mouldy odor, *Jeunes Filles*, I, 90, 93-94) is in its entirety an addition. And one

16. *Le Temps retrouvé*, II, 52.

17. *La Prisonnière*, I, 147.

18. *Le Temps retrouvé*, I, 221.

19. *Jeunes Filles*, II, 60.

of the very latest passages, that on the death of Bergotte,²⁰ is in both thought and manner a fine example of Proust at his emotional best.

No, it is a mistake to think of Proust as first a poet and then, by gradual conversion, an intellectual. If the moments of emotional intuition came less frequently in later life, they lost none of their authority with the passage of time, nor was the style based on them ever deliberately abandoned. As he wrote to Camille Vettard about 1921:

Quant au style, je me suis efforcé de rejeter tout ce que dicte l'intelligence pure, tout ce qui est rhétorique, enjolivement, et, à peu près, images voulues et cherchées (ces images que j'ai dénoncées dans la préface de Morand) pour exprimer mes impressions profondes et authentiques et respecter la marche naturelle de ma pensée.²¹

The material we have so far considered has been representative, generally speaking, of the emotional manner, and in it the rôle of the intelligence has been limited to the exploration and presentation of feelings. But Proust recognized—probably from the outset, else how could he have written "Un Amour de Swann?"—that there was a place for the direct application of the intelligence to reality:

Je sentais pourtant que ces vérités que l'intelligence dégage directement de la réalité ne sont pas à dédaigner entièrement car elles pourraient enchaîner d'une matière moins pure mais encore pénétrer d'esprit ces impressions que nous apportent [*sic*] hors du temps l'essence commune aux sensations du passé et du présent, mais qui plus précieuses sont aussi trop rares pour que l'œuvre d'art puisse être composée seulement avec elles.²²

It is this independent rôle of the intelligence which grew so greatly during the war years; but it was admitted at the outset, and at the end it did not replace the direct emotional approach to reality, still considered to be superior.

The following passage, an addition appearing in *Jeunes Filles*, furnishes, in form and in content, an introduction to much that is characteristic of Proust's intellectual analyses:

J'allais passer par une de ces conjonctures difficiles en face desquelles il arrive généralement qu'on se trouve à plusieurs reprises dans la vie et auxquelles bien qu'on n'ait pas changé de caractère, de nature—notre nature qui crée elle-même nos amours, et presque les femmes que nous aimons, et jusqu'à leurs fautes—on ne fait pas face de la même manière à chaque fois, c'est-à-dire

20. Written after May, 1921; see *Correspondance générale*, iv, 85-88, 90-91, and Pierre-Quint, *Marcel Proust*, 1935, p. 122. The critic referred to in the passage on Bergotte was J.-L. Vaudoyer, whose articles appeared in *L'Opinion*, April 30, and May 7, 1921.

21. *Correspondance générale*, iii, 195.

22. *Le Temps retrouvé*, II, 53.

à tout âge. A ces moments-là notre vie est divisée, et comme distribuée dans une balance, en deux plateaux opposés où elle tient tout entière. Dans l'un, il y a notre désir de ne pas déplaire, de ne pas paraître trop humble à l'être que nous aimons sans parvenir à le comprendre, mais que nous trouvons plus habile de laisser un peu de côté pour qu'il n'ait pas ce sentiment de se croire indispensable qui le détournerait de nous; de l'autre côté, il y a une souffrance—non pas une souffrance localisée et partielle—qui ne pourrait au contraire être apaisée que si renonçant à plaire à cette femme et à lui faire croire que nous pouvons nous passer d'elle, nous allions la retrouver. Quand on retire du plateau où est la fierté une petite quantité de volonté qu'on a eu la faiblesse de laisser s'user avec l'âge, qu'on ajoute dans le plateau où est le chagrin une souffrance physique acquise et à qui on a permis de s'aggraver, et au lieu de la solution courageuse qui l'aurait emporté à vingt ans, c'est l'autre, devenue trop lourde et sans assez de contrepoids, qui nous abaisse à cinquante. D'autant plus que les situations tout en se répétant changent, et qu'il y a une chance pour qu'au milieu ou à la fin de la vie on ait eu pour soi-même la funeste complaisance de compliquer l'amour d'une part d'habitude que l'adolescence, retenue par d'autres devoirs, moins libre de soi-même, ne connaît pas.²³

The idea and the image, while clear enough, could certainly have been conveyed more simply. Here, for example, is the way another writer might have said the same thing:

One who loves without return is confronted by a choice of conduct, and his opposing motives must be weighed as in scales. In one pan of the scales is pride—the desire to be esteemed by the beloved, and consequently not to seem too humble, too dependent on seeing her; in the other pan is the suffering which results from not seeing her, and which can only be appeased by a sacrifice of pride. At different times of life one may make, without fundamental change of character, different choices. At twenty, pride carries more weight; by fifty, some will power has been withdrawn from that side of the scales, and to the other side has been added physical suffering, and the habit of love experience, so that by then suffering will outweigh pride.

Such a restatement is much shorter and more readily understood than the original, and it has lost only a negligible part of the thought. But it has ceased to be Proust; it has been achieved at the sacrifice of that elusive quality that permeates the larger part of both his emotional and his intellectual manners. Perhaps we can get a little closer to that quality.

In the restatement Proust's idea-image complex has been broken down into its component parts and each of these has been presented in logical succession; the result is a purely analytical style. No one would

23. *Jeunes Filles*, I, 219-220.

accuse Proust of lacking power of analysis, but his analysis is in the thought, or in the observation preceding the words. When he comes to telling us his results, he declines to tick off his points one after another, like one who has set out to count to ten, and does so. His points are not dispatched and forgotten; they are kept in suspension, they recur, overlap, and are repeated. How this happens appears when we compare parts of the restatement with the original.

Restatement: "without fundamental change of character." Proust: "bien qu'on n'ait pas changé de caractère, de nature—notre nature qui crée elle-même nos amours, et presque les femmes que nous aimons, et jusqu'à leurs fautes." Proust's elaboration of the word "caractère" is a reminder of his theme of the subjectivity of love; without this elaboration the simple word would lack its full qualitative value. But in a logical analysis of the immediate idea, this bit of background has little or no place, and is suppressed by the restatement.

Restatement: "one is confronted by a choice of conduct, and his opposing motives must be weighed as in scales." Proust: "A ces moments-là notre vie est divisée, et comme distribuée dans une balance, en deux plateaux opposés où elle tient tout entière." There is no loss of thought in the suppression of "en deux plateaux opposés"; the restatement assumes that the simple word "scales" is sufficient instantly to evoke the image of two opposed pans, particularly since the pans are mentioned immediately after. Proust's anxiety that the reader should not miss the whole picture seems unnecessary. But where he says "notre vie est divisée, et comme distribuée dans une balance, en deux plateaux opposés où elle tient tout entière," and the restatement merely "his opposing motives must be weighed as in scales," there has been suppression of part of the immediate thought. Why has this sacrifice been made? Because the image of one's whole life divided and distributed between the two pans of scales is difficult to grasp; if we reduce "one's whole life" to "pride" and "suffering," and call them "motives," the image is easily apprehended. "To weigh motives" is a cliché in both French and English, and there is nothing like a cliché for facile communication. The gain in simplicity is achieved at the cost of a later difficulty, for farther down we learn that between the ages of twenty and fifty will power is withdrawn from the pan containing pride, and to the opposing pan is added physical suffering (incurred through one's own fault) and habit (of love experience, lacking in adolescence). This further revelation of the contents of the pans is Proust's reason for talking about "our whole life" instead of "opposing motives." But in the

restatement we cross our bridges as we come to them. Once the reader is securely in possession of the first simple image, we trust him to make for himself a slight readjustment later on. After all, the contents of the pans are still dominantly "pride" on the one hand and "suffering" on the other; the discovery that the pans contain also subordinate elements such as "will power," "physical suffering," and "habit," makes no great demand on his imagination. There is still no need, for the immediate thought, of "our whole life." But this serial dispatch of difficulties is precisely what Proust rejects. He is bent on getting as much of his idea as he can into our minds at once, and keeping it there.

Much the same principles apply to other differences between the restatement and the original. A number of further amplifications by which Proust enriches and sustains, but obscures, his main idea are suppressed, e.g. "*une petite quantité de volonté qu'on a eu la faiblesse de laisser s'user avec l'âge*," "*une souffrance physique acquise et à qui on a permis de s'aggraver*," "*la solution courageuse*," "*c'est l'autre [solution] . . . qui nous abaisse à cinquante*" (an item which damages the logic of the image). A postscript introduced by "*d'autant plus*" reminds us of Proust's theme of repetitions, and introduces the idea of habit, which in the restatement is logically bracketed with "physical suffering." Postscripts are a habit with Proust, and "*d'autant plus*" is so much used to introduce them that it is often a mere connective, with little meaning of its own.²⁴

If there is any validity in the distinction between the emotional and the intellectual manners, the passage we have just analyzed must surely be classified as intellectual; it is also as recognizably Proustian as any of his poetic descriptions that must, just as surely, be classified as emotional. The basis of the resemblance is not hard to find: whether he is analyzing a situation or evoking a poignant memory, Proust's conscientious pursuit of the exact quality of the thought or of the emotion, and his effort to maintain before us at once as large a segment of the whole idea, or of the whole emotion, as possible, lead him into the same complex rhythm of sentence.

His stylistic undertaking often gets him, and his reader, into difficulties; without taking into account actual grammatical mistakes and instances of inexact reference, which he would certainly, and in some cases did, disavow, there remain many passages that are at best hard to understand. Here is a sentence, very Proustian in its rhythm, and in its grammatical looseness typical of a large number of others:

24. Cf. Feuillerat, *op. cit.*, p. 109.

Il traversa alors un petit vestibule qui,—tel que certaines pièces aménagées par leur propriétaire pour servir de cadre à une seule œuvre d'art, dont elles tirent leur nom, et d'une nudité voulue, ne contiennent rien d'autre—, exhibait à son entrée, comme quelque précieuse effigie de Benvenuto Cellini, représentant un homme de guet, un jeune valet de pied, le corps légèrement fléchi en avant, dressant sur son hausse-col rouge une figure plus rouge encore d'où s'échappaient des torrents de feu, de timidité et de zèle, et qui, perçant les tapisseries d'Aubusson tendues devant le salon où on écoutait la musique, de son regard impétueux, vigilant, éperdu, avait l'air, avec une impassibilité militaire ou une foi surnaturelle,—allégorie de l'alarme, incarnation de l'attente, commémoration du branle-bas,—d'épier, ange ou vigie, d'une tour de donjon ou de cathédrale, l'apparition de l'ennemi ou l'heure du Jugement.²⁵

This sentence has its own interesting balance and rhythm, and the precise meaning, once we get at it, is clear. But the obstacles to comprehension are formidable: modifiers within modifiers within modifiers; large number of words (in one instance thirty-three) between subject and verb, verb and complement; phrases that look parallel and are not ("un homme du guet, un jeune valet de pied"); phrases that are parallel and do not look it ("dressant . . . et qui"). The sentence is difficult, but it is not really obscure.

Complexity Proust accepted as inseparable from his intention, but deliberate obscurity was never a part of his program. From "Contre l'obscurité" in 1896 to the critical articles of 1920, he is unequivocal in his insistence upon grammatical correctness and precision both of thought and of form. While fully aware of the resources of rhythms and of verbal overtones and associations, he never intentionally sacrifices literal immediate meaning to psychological impact. Genuine obscurity, which does occur, is a shortcoming, and instead of trying to make of his shortcomings, understandable enough in the conditions under which he worked, stylistic subtleties, we would do well to adopt his own attitude, which is well expressed in a letter of June 17, 1921 to Paul Souday:

Voilà, hélas! plusieurs fois (déjà au temps lointain de *Du côté de chez Swann*) que vous m'accablez avec la phrase du "chapeau"; celle que vous citez de moi (en conformité absolue avec le texte de *Guermites II*) est absolument intelligible, je le reconnais. Mais si je corrige déjà très mal mes épreuves, quand un livre comme celui-ci paraît imprimé directement d'après mes indéchiffrables brouillons, mes éditeurs ont beau avoir la gentillesse de surveiller de leur mieux cette impression, elle est terriblement fautive.

Je ne cherche pas à m'absoudre ainsi du reproche fort justifié de faire souvent des phrases trop longues, trop sinueusement attachées aux méandres de ma

25. *Swann*, II, 156-157.

pensée. J'ai ri de bon cœur à votre: "C'est limpide." Mais je vous ai trouvé trop bienveillant de prétendre qu'à la troisième lecture cela devient clair, car, pour ma part, je n'y comprends rien.²⁶

For the most part the rhythm of Proust's sentences—suspensive, parenthetical, insistently returning to the point of digression—is merely the result (touched up, no doubt, to please the ear) of following the "meanderings of his thought"; occasionally, however, with more self-conscious artistry, he introduces refrains. One example is the amusing passage in *Swann* (I, 161–163) with its recurrent "c'est samedi"; another is spread over a score or more of pages immediately succeeding the account of the death of Albertine, pages in which we follow the impressions and memories of Marcel, and throughout which, with the mournful insistence of a passing bell, toll the reminders, "Albertine était morte" (*Albertine disparue*, I, 102), "celle qui maintenant était morte" (page 103), "l'idée qu'Albertine était morte" (page 107), "maintenant qu'Albertine n'était plus" (page 108), "Albertine morte" (page 113), "mais ce n'était plus possible, elle était morte" (page 117).

Although the passages from *Swann* and from *Albertine disparue* are alike in their use of a refrain, they are extraordinarily different in stylistic effect, more different than that one is humorous and the other tragic. Indeed the greater part of *Albertine disparue* is in striking contrast to *Swann*. The minute examination of thoughts and perceptions is Proust at his most Proustian, but where are the interminable sentences, the complexities of structure, the difficulties of reference? Here is an example, more typical than exceptional:

Pour que la mort d'Albertine eût pu supprimer mes souffrances, il eût fallu que le choc l'eût tuée non seulement en Touraine, mais en moi. Jamais elle n'y avait été plus vivante. Pour entrer en nous, un être a été obligé de prendre la forme, de se plier au cadre du temps; ne nous apparaissant que par minutes successives, il n'a jamais pu nous livrer de lui qu'un seul aspect à la fois, nous débiter de lui qu'une seule photographie. Grande faiblesse sans doute pour un être de consister en une simple collection de moments; grande force aussi; il relève de la mémoire, et la mémoire d'un moment n'est pas instruite de tout ce qui s'est passé depuis; ce moment qu'elle a enregistré dure encore, vit encore et avec lui l'être qui s'y profilait. Et puis cet émiettement ne fait pas seulement vivre la morte, il la multiplie. Pour me consoler ce n'est pas une, ce sont d'innombrables Albertine que j'aurais dû oublier. Quand j'étais arrivé à supporter le chagrin d'avoir perdu celle-ci, c'était à recommencer avec une autre, avec cent autres.²⁷

26. *Correspondance générale*, III, 93–94.

27. *Albertine disparue*, I, 100.

The thought is one of Proust's most characteristic themes, but what could be more precise, more immediately apprehensible than the form? A score of equally striking examples could be selected from this section of the work; one more must suffice.

Que le jour est lent à mourir par ces soirs démesurés de l'été! Un pâle fantôme de la maison d'en face continuait indéfiniment à aquareller sur le ciel sa blancheur persistante. Enfin il faisait nuit dans l'appartement, je me cognais aux meubles de l'antichambre, mais dans la porte de l'escalier, au milieu du noir que je croyais total, la partie vitrée était translucide et bleue, d'un bleu de fleur, d'un bleu d'aile d'insecte, d'un bleu qui m'eût semblé beau si je n'avais senti qu'il était un dernier reflet, coupant comme un acier, un coup suprême que dans sa cruauté infatigable me portait encore le jour.²⁸

The shortened phrases, the elimination of parenthetical modifiers, the occasional short sentence, the repetition of key words (achieving both logical clarity and poetic refrain)—have changed the whole movement of his prose. For another thing he has in these passages fused the "intellectual" and the "emotional" manners: psychological analysis is not merely in juxtaposition to lyrical description, it is itself shot through with emotion and poetic rhythm.

Has Proust learned something since *Swann*, or is this admirably simple and telling style not necessitated by the material until this, the thirteenth, volume of his work?

Albertine disparue was certainly written after the first chapter of *Swann* and the last chapter of *Le Temps retrouvé*;²⁹ it was apparently completed in something not far from its present form by November, 1915, when Proust summarized its contents for Mme Scheikevitch.³⁰ It so happens that the first of the passages we have quoted appears almost verbatim in the 1915 summary; for what the observation is worth, we may note that the slight changes in the book are in the direction of increased clarity. It is a reasonable guess that Proust, growing in mastery of his medium and taking to heart the admonitions of such critics as Souday, was near the end of his life revising toward simplicity; certainly *La Prisonnière* and *Albertine disparue*, the last parts revised by the author (although the latter was not read by him in proof), are much clearer than *Le Temps retrouvé*, which he did not revise, but which contains both early and late writing.

The style of *Albertine disparue* may also in part be explained by the requirements of subject matter. The effectiveness of the passage follow-

28. *Ibid.*, p. 105.

29. *Correspondance générale*, III, 72.

30. *Correspondance générale*, V, 234-241.

ing the death of Albertine depends upon the stock of memories, known to the reader and built up in the preceding volumes, and upon the emotional background. We have been through the love affairs of Marcel and Gilberte, Swann and Odette, Saint-Loup and Rachel, and the infatuation of Marcel for the Duchesse de Guermantes; we have followed Albertine through *A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*, *Le Côté de Guermantes*, *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, and *La Prisonnière*, and we are thoroughly familiar with Marcel's peculiar obsessions; so that by the time of Albertine's death we are prepared to fall in with a new stylistic rhythm which, with its occasional dramatic staccato and its knocking refrain, is so suggestive of the working of a tortured mind.

The example of *Albertine disparue* serves to remind us that Proust is not always sinuous and parenthetical. There are occasional bits of straight-forward narrative; the satiric portraiture is sometimes comparatively simple; and there is a large amount of reporting of social functions, where, if the observing narrator is always elegantly sardonic, the conversation is in character. *Albertine disparue* is remarkable because it deals, not in narrative, or satire, or social reportage, but in psychological analysis and memory, materials that elsewhere inspire Proust with his most intricate constructions.

To return now to the complex manner, which we call more Proustian both because it is more individual and because it is more frequently encountered in the novel: is this style deliberately intended and cultivated to carry out his theories, or is it merely the natural way, given his mind and personality, for him to express himself? It is undoubtedly both.

For in Proust's idea of time, as in Bergsonian duration, there is not a simple succession of simultaneities in the experience of time's passage, but a continuous addition of the present to the past, which continues to live in the present and qualitatively to affect it. In his style there is a continual enrichment of present ideas by reintroduction of past ideas, and instead of analysis and successive presentation, there is an attempt to keep as much as possible of a complex idea before the reader's mind at once. The obvious parallel between the theory of time and the practice of style is no accident; "Cette dimension du Temps," says Proust, "que j'avais jadis pressentie dans l'église de Combray, je tâcherais de la rendre continuellement sensible dans une transcription du monde qui serait forcément bien différente de celle que nous donnent nos sens mensongers."³¹

On the other hand, Proust's character was at once scrupulous and indecisive. The image of the scales in the passage we quoted above has a

31. *Le Temps retrouvé*, II, 256.

particular aptness, for in life and in the novel he is forever weighing off against each other motives, opinions, courses of conduct, values; first a bit on one side, then a bit on the other; coming to a hesitant decision, seeing some other new point, and changing his mind. A considerable proportion of the letters of the last ten or twelve years of his life show these propensities, and his epistolary postscripts are legendary.

Theory, practice, and personality form an inseparable whole. His heredity, his physical and moral constitution, his malady, and the conditions of his life predisposed him in favor of ideas with which, because of the period in which he lived, he was bound to come in contact: the symbolists, Anatole France, Bergson, Montesquiou, Ruskin (to mention only a few) made their contribution to the Proustian manner. His style was not the work of any given day, but of years; his present methods were continually enriching his past, and being enriched by them. He aspired both to describe and to imitate reality, and the double program involved an unending pursuit, through new refinements of multiplicity, of the ultimate unity in which he never lost faith.

HAROLD MARCH

Swarthmore College

REVIEWS

Beethoven in France. The Growth of an Idea. By LEO SCHRADE. Yale University Press, New Haven. Pp. xi + 271.¹

In its struggle against intellectualism, mechanization, and positivism, German literary and cultural historiography of the earlier 20th century endeavored to effect a reunion with "living literature." The writers of the new century restored the mantle of authority to the dethroned masters of the romantic-intuitive conception of history; the colossal works of Ranke and Burckhardt, which had been relegated by the rationalistic historians to the status of monuments, returned to life, as did the "fiery divination" of Mommsen, and the "moral righteousness" of Nietzsche. Literary history, or more specifically, the modern discipline of comparative literature, thus naturally assumed the task of serving as liaison agent between the various branches of the humanities. It seemed as if the *bibliotheca universalis*, the vast art of the old polyhistorian was to be resuscitated—shades of Gesner, Bacon and Morhof! But instead of endeavoring to crystallize its own problems and the principles of its own procedure, this new literary history surrendered its autonomy and became *Geistesgeschichte*, aiming to encompass philosophy, esthetics, psychology, psychoanalysis, ethnology, the history of arts and music, and sociology. Perhaps the most notable of the new philosophers and literary historians, who still had their roots in the grand old school although definitely leading the new, were Dilthey and Gundolf, and it was their influence, fortified with the intuitionism of Bergson, which shaped the tastes and methods of the new generation. The history of ideas and of men becomes "the sublimation of the history of forces"; the universal can be expressed in individual symbols only; the subject of history is life, which we can capture merely in its colorful reflections. These are the cardinal principles of the school whose method was experience (*Erlebnis*)—for insight and knowledge are held to be worthless unless capable of being converted into experience. The first condition of historical understanding is "inner experience." Leaning on Bergson, these scholars dispute the rights of rationalism over irrationalism, logic over feeling, holding that judgment depends more on the judge than on the judged. It would be a great mistake to conclude that their "creative intuition" operates in a vacuum; on the contrary, it is bolstered with a positive Germanic erudition of vast proportions, which latter is, however, merely a servant of metaphysics, stifled in German thought for many decades, but now reinstated in its supremacy.

Geistesgeschichte was, then, the main preoccupation of such literary historians, with the universal influence of outstanding personalities on the mental life of

1. When Professor Láng started to appraise this book for the *RR* his review turned in part into an article on a recent trend in cultural history. We believe the combination will be of particular interest to our readers. [Editor's note.]

a nation the particularly favored theme. Gundolf's *Shakespeare und der Deutsche Geist* was perhaps the most outstanding among the many remarkable studies, a noble and thoughtful work. Gundolf's task was facilitated by the fact that in the greatest dramatist of the world's literature every epoch has discovered its own mirror, every feeling its resonant tone, and every current and tendency the basis for the expression—or transformation—of its own tastes. Unlike Gundolf, the majority of the school were not content, however, with such relatively limited tasks, they were more interested in problems of "cosmic importance," and tended toward expounding the universal significance of German thought and its overwhelming formative power upon the whole of western civilization. While the philosophers and literary historians often wandered into what can be qualified only as intellectual aberrations, the musical historians were not idle and in their turn carried this tendency to absurd length. This is a curious fact, indeed, for at the same time other members of the German fraternity of musicologists furnished us with the modern methods of musical research, painstakingly and brilliantly exploring many uncharted areas on the map of musical history.

Professor Schrade evidently belongs to the above-described new school of historians. As a medievalist he had made a good name for himself with several valuable essays, and it is now indeed with some surprise that we discover him to be a protagonist of the "new interpretation" (*neue Deutung*). The author of *Beethoven in France* has set out to prove the spiritual influence of Beethoven upon French thought; in doing so he undertook nothing less than to bridge the oceans. Beethoven is the arch-symphonist, the incarnation of German abstract instrumental music, of music that renounces all outside factors, of music which obeys its own laws alone, which has no concrete images, "absolute" music, which Schopenhauer has said conveys the idea itself whereas the other arts present only its images. This spirit is now superimposed on that nation which in all arts strove for concrete literary values, which even in its music always wanted "meaning," the nation which originated program music, which fought opera for centuries, "parce que la musique ne sait narrer." Fontenelle's "Sonate, que me veux-tu?" might be the motto of the *nation chansonnière* as France was long rightly called. From the *chansons de geste* to the haunting *Fêtes Galantes* of Debussy, French music was always closely allied with literature. If such widely separated poets as Ronsard and Verlaine call for "de la musique avant toute chose," they always meant lyricism, poetry reinforced with music. It was not until the post-Beethovenian times that pure instrumental music won recognition beyond a circle of connoisseurs, and even then we had the era of the potpourris, fantasies, and paraphrases of the Parisian colony of virtuosi, the program symphonies of Berlioz, and the tone poems of Liszt, with Chopin perhaps the only pure instrumental composer of note (though he too was often a true lyricist, with many of his works in the dance forms). Throughout the history of French music we discover this abhorrence of abstract instrumental music. From the time of an autonomous literature of

instrumental music, that is, from the lute and harpsichord schools of the seventeenth century, whose little compositions—mostly quaint dance pieces in neatly arranged forms—were adorned with all sorts of titles having little bearing on their content, through the opera of the *grand siècle*, significantly called *tragédie lyrique*, up to the tone poem and *symphonie dramatique* of the 19th century, which compelled music to follow a course predetermined by literary precepts, French genius insisted, as I have said, on *meaning*, i.e., literary associations, in its music. Only near the end of the 18th century was there the semblance of a symphonic school, modest and now forgotten, although unjustly so, for it is not without merit. This short flourishing was the result of the world-wide popularity of the Austro-Bohemian school (incorrectly labeled "Viennese School")—from Stamitz to Haydn—whose works were played, sandwiched between cantatas and other vocal works, in the private and public concerts springing up in the 18th century. All this is not said with the intention of deprecating French music or French understanding for music, but simply in support of the fact that French musical genius has a definite affinity with literature, just as the essence of German music is in the abstract instrumental—and as the opera is virtually the property of the Italians (or of the Germans and Austrians who espoused the Italian operatic faith, composing on the basis of Italian *libretti*). How, then, could the symbol of this German symphony, Beethoven, become the idol and spiritual saviour of the country least receptive to abstract symphonic thought?

Dr. Schrade contends that Beethoven in France, the Beethovenian "idea" in French thought, "is not a matter of exclusively musical interest but a chapter in the history of the French mind, involving the whole sphere of French intellectual life." In times of distress, "decadence and sickness and intellectual disaster," it is Beethoven, "now actor, now symbol," who will bring about rejuvenation and strength.

Before taking issue with so bold an attempt to penetrate the very marrow of French thought, we must give a synopsis of Professor Schrade's work. In the first chapter (Entrance of a Genius), the author is apparently trying to establish some sort of supremacy of German music as a necessary prelude to the acceptance of Beethoven. Here he runs into difficulties created by the vogue of Italian music—vocal music, of course—which practically monopolized not only France but the world. We must not forget that it was not so many decades ago that French musical life was torn asunder—significantly enough, mainly by the philosophers—over the question of whether or not to capitulate to Italian music. Thus the author first has to dispose of the fact that to Frenchmen at the opening of the 19th century, Mozart was "the classic composer of the South," meaning Italy. The other great composer who received acknowledgment in France was Haydn. These two Austrians, one the outstanding representative of classic opera in the Italian vein, the other the epitome of the Lower Austrian peasant, robust, serious, Catholic, yet filled with earthy humor, were, then, *Les Allemands*. Even the earlier German musicians who

found acceptance in 18th century France, such as Stamitz, Beck, or Schobart, were Austrians or Austro-Bohemians, and as for Gluck, a native of the Palatinate, whose whole education was Austro-Italian, he became an ardent follower of French dramaturgy and virtually recreated the *tragédie lyrique* of old. While it is incontestable that these musicians are part and parcel of the history of Germanic music, they can no more be called "the Germans" pure and simple than Provençal literature can be called French. It was precisely the position of Austria, between Germany and Italy, that predestined her to give rise to a great school, uniting the good qualities of the two neighbors' music into a supreme blend which came to be known as the Viennese School. Yet the author keeps referring to this music as "German," and more than that, he consistently calls it "music of the North." He cites a number of statements concerning the "cold, sad, lugubrious" music of the foggy North, but it is yet to be shown by anyone that any Frenchman at the start of the 19th century or even much later had any taste of German music of the Protestant North. Is it possible that Mr. Schrade is not aware of the proverbial French haziness about matters geographical? When they say "les Allemands" that is about as accurate—especially in the early 19th century—as the American designation "Dutchman." On second thought, this cannot be the reason for his elastic interpretation of the Germanic, for otherwise he would not observe with evident dismay that Lamartine puts Rossini by the side of Mozart, which, by the way, is the most natural of things since the *Barbiere di Siviglia* and the *Nozze di Figaro* are blood relations. All this laborious spade work becomes useless when the author later approves of Henri Blaze de Bury's "intelligent interpretation of Beethoven as the very type of the romantic of the German North reacting against Viennese classical music." This is said about a native of the Rhineland who spent all his adult life in Vienna, who owes practically everything to the great Viennese school, who carried this very same school to its apogee. It is no wonder then that the premises having been so insecurely established, the author cannot find responsive chords in the first Frenchmen who take notice of Beethoven.

A French periodical published the following appreciation of Beethoven's music on the occasion of the composer's death in 1827: "Even those who are not very sensitive to the *abstract* and, so to speak, *metaphysical* beauties of Beethoven's compositions nevertheless cannot forbear admiring in him the greatest modern harmonist. . . . At the bottom of his combinations, apparently all *mathematical*, we always discover I know not what intimate and *concealed poetry* as in the writings, so *logically obscure*, of the *philosopher of Königsberg*." This, Mr. Schrade calls an attempt "to do justice to the German composer in such a tortuous manner as to arouse a suspicion that he is doing justice only for the sake of the occasion." Well, certainly so; in fact the author of the article went out of his way to perform an act of courtesy toward a noted foreign artist known to a handful of his compatriots. And his lines convey the essence of French thought on the subject of German symphony. (We cannot

suppress here the memory of the worst invective hurled at Bizet on the occasion of the first performance of *Carmen*, an opera whose orchestral setting is an unceasing miracle from the first to the last measure; "mais c'est un symphoniste!" exclaimed the outraged critics.) The other eulogists of the times discussed in this chapter are not much more satisfying. They object to "too much analyzing of even the least singing phrases" which is clearly a condemnation of the essence of symphonic thought: thematic development. Moreover, the terms used in connection with the symphonies, "elegant," "picturesque," "piquant," etc., betray an utter lack of understanding of the symphony. Even Delacroix (*Questions sur le Beau*), otherwise an admirer of Beethoven, the "great man," is disturbed by want of "correctness," and by the lack of "rigorous proportions." Anyone familiar with the French literature on music will recognize here the old esthetic tenets followed since Saint-Évremond and Boileau. In contrast to these opinions of a more factual musico-esthetic nature, there are set forth the exclamations of the men of letters. Of these we may single out Hugo, who "wrote his incomparable lines on Beethoven, the 'mystic prophet of music,' . . . (and) envisions through Beethoven the link of romantic music with the infinite."

The second chapter (Enthusiasm of a Poet) and the third (Lure of the Infinite) see the Beethoven movement in vigorous expansion. They discover the supreme creed of romanticism, the "infinite," and quote Hugo, who finds that "this deaf man heard the infinite." There are many more appraisals coming from the pen of the great coryphaeus of the romantics; Hugo says that "Beethoven's symphony is like the inextricable thicket of the woods"; "Beethoven's music is a deep mirror in a cloud"; "Beethoven's melody is full of secret magic"; etc., and all these sayings are supposed to have profound symbolical meaning, although "lost today." There are many other witnesses from the heroic era of romanticism; we shall deal with them presently. The fourth chapter (Inheritance and Crisis), which establishes Beethoven as "the solemn monitor of the French nation," ends in a rather bad anticlimax. Gustave Vallat compared Beethoven to a mere French violin virtuoso "in so inadequate a way that one must suppose he offended French feelings." What Vallat failed to do, in the opinion of the author, is to lay claim to Beethoven "as the genius of French history"; he had the temerity of taking him simply for "a famous German composer." So instead of Beethoven it is M. Boucher, the French violinist, who emerges with the title, "hero of the French Revolution." "Doubtless political reasons induced him (Vallat) to develop his inadequate comparison," says Dr. Schrade. The fifth chapter is heavy with forebodings. The Latin title, *Novum Saeculum*, seems to diffuse incense, and as it turns out later, should have a subtitle: *Puer natus est*, for this chapter elevates the German symphonist to the role of deity. "The year 1900 marked far more than a mere change on the calendar. . . . A new France was to speak. . . . A new France was to seize upon Beethoven." This new France, the author admits, "we do not always understand." Romain Rolland's little book on Beethoven

(1903) established, according to Professor Schrade, the Beethovenian faith among Frenchmen; "they understood Beethoven to be their *Ecce Homo*." Indeed, as Raymond Bouyer said in 1905, "Beethoven's divinity appears to be more actual than ever." Arrived at this point the author finds that "young France could scarcely elevate the musician Beethoven higher than it did. There seems to be only one thing missing, the descent of God made like unto man: Jesus." And there comes along again one of those weighty personages, Georges Pioch, who says: "Beethoven suffers like Prometheus . . . he *teaches like Jesus*." (italics not ours.) A French translation of Beethoven's letters heightened still more the fervent belief in what Schrade so disarmingly calls "the God of France," when, "in these excited days of enthusiasm Emile Faguet shows up strangely and out of place." For this eminent man of letters had the audacity to see in Beethoven's letters nothing beyond ordinary human documents. Consequently his statements constitute "the only serious error that appears in the whole literature of the time." Just as curiously, Faguet was the only writer in the whole agglomeration of witnesses whose critical faculties were those of a trained and experienced scholar of the humanities.

And from now on, and throughout the last chapter (Sudden Ruin and Disenchanted History) Notre Seigneur d'Outre Rhin causes more and more trouble to his faithful pro-Apostle. The musicologists take over from the poets, philosophers, essayists, journalists, critics, and other well-meaning personages. They have the disconcerting habit of eschewing symbolism and religious ecstasy for documentary research and style criticism. On top of everything Rolland, he who first anointed the chosen God, dismisses now, a quarter of a century later, his little book as "un hymne d'adolescent," a gesture which the author finds "utterly strange and shocking." Then, Vincent d'Indy, the distinguished head of the Schola Cantorum "renders homage only to the musical genius of Beethoven." The author concludes, somewhat ruefully, that "the Beethoven of the Schola Cantorum, therefore, never comes as the redeeming Saviour." In the closing melancholy paragraphs the author laments that "the war (of 1914) showed its destructive work in many ways. First and foremost, the religion of Beethoven, perhaps the only one of modern times that France has produced, fell to earth, not suddenly but nonetheless completely. . . . France after losing the religion of Beethoven seems impoverished."

It is very difficult to ascertain what prompted Professor Schrade to undertake this project. Every overwhelming personality creates an international literature about himself, and later popular imagination nourished by the poets' parables enshrouds him in a legend. Michelangelo could have served the same purpose, and as to Shakespeare, he surely could furnish enough documents and asides from the mouths of Frenchmen for a tetralogy of a biography. But Professor Schrade selected a hero about as far removed from French genius as anything can be. The author's bibliography is impressive, his quotations numerous, but the great majority of the documents cannot be taken seriously.

Who furnished these documents? We can dispose of the musicians, musical scholars, or essayists; they could not help crossing Beethoven's path, and naturally wrote about him just as their colleagues did in Russia or Switzerland. But the author also subpoenas the literary world to lend a hand in establishing a fictitious kingdom within the realm of French thought. They make a curious group, these *littérateurs* whom Professor Schrade summons to vouchsafe for the great German art. Lamartine, Stendhal, Deschamps, Balzac, George Sand—the list is long. Mme de Stäel “can be supposed to be still steeped in prejudice,” *i.e.*, she still favors Italian music over German, but the others had some very fine things to say about German music in general and Beethoven in particular. If Dr. Schrade takes seriously such innocent flights of poetic fantasy as Lamartine's bouquet made up of Mozart, Raphael, and Phidias, if he accepts Stendhal's competence as a musical essayist on the basis of his plagiarized *Vie de Mozart*, and if he considers Deschamps, Balzac, George Sand, and all the others he quotes so lavishly as being true and faithful connoisseurs, we should like further to scrutinize these witnesses before their testimony is admitted. For curiously enough, most of these very same people laid down their arms and capitulated unconditionally to the new star that arose after the death of the great symphonist—Meyerbeer. This, we submit, casts a grave doubt on the credibility of the witnesses, for nothing was further removed from the Beethovenian orbit than Meyerbeer, who with Scribe created the romantic grand opera which was ironically enough called *genre éminemment français* by the literary world. Deschamps, in particular, proudly asserted that there is no spectacle (*sic*) in the world that can equal the wondrous splendor of a French grand opera. The many comparisons between Beethoven and the ancient world of mythology, or such vague clichés as “the starry skies,” “the harmony and melody of the universe,” “the very conductor over the orchestra of the mystic gulf stream of tones,” lead Schrade to a discovery rather surprising coming from a noted medievalist. “And what is this but the revival of the ancient *musica mundata, humana, et instrumentalis*?” The quotations continue in profusion. Then there are the rapturous words addressed to music by the great poets, all cited as supporting the Beethovenian “idea.” Yet the author himself notes that Lamartine, for instance, “never went beyond symbolic terms; he talked in symbols because he could not admit that material sounds were anything but outward manifestations.” This is the creed of all romantic poets, yet the constant search for symbolical meanings behind all these innocent exclamations never ceases. Edgar Quinet even obliges the author by dying “on the anniversary of Beethoven's death, March 26.” We are not told whether this has any particular symbolic significance.

The two chief witnesses in the author's case are Berlioz and Rolland. Berlioz, who could see in Haydn childish felicity only, and whom even Schrade quotes as having stated that “the brightness of Mozart's angelic genius was slightly dimmed by intercourse with Italians”; Berlioz, whose fiery imagination soared to dazzling if somewhat morbid heights when he composed a

"March to the Gallows" or a "Witches' Sabbath," but who in the first movement of the same *Symphonie Fantastique* demonstrates his utter incapacity to cope with a bona fide symphonic structure. Let us not be mistaken, Berlioz was a remarkable musician and a versatile writer, but he was a true confrère of the romantic dramatists to whom a symphony was meaningless without a literary plan. Rolland started his career as a musicologist; his studies on Italian and French opera in the 17th century are still fresh in conception and filled with erudition solid almost half a century later. Yet this eminent historian and man of letters, absolutely at home in his beloved 17th century, subsequently showed the 19th to be a forbidden land to his scholarship. Indeed, his *Musiciens d'aujourd'hui* as well as the large Beethoven essay are vague and curiously uncritical. Schrade himself goes on record, saying "whatever Rolland has to say in regard to individual compositions (of Beethoven) is never interpretation of music, never analysis, but only an indication of his own sentiment and faith." Arrived at this point we may even challenge Rolland as the voice of France. A man of great moral convictions, he placed his faith in *l'action héroïque*, and the list of his works speaks eloquently. As a matter of fact, this is not an inexplicable phenomenon; the cult of heroes returned in French literature toward the end of the 19th century and knew a vogue for a decade or so, witness the writings of Maeterlinck, or Georges Sorel. Rolland exalts the heroism of the Boers, of Beethoven, of Saint Louis, of Danton. Then come Michelangelo, Tolstoi, and Jean-Christophe who is simply another number in the series *Les Vies des Hommes Illustres*. But in all these works there is very little of the legacy of Rabelais, Molière, Racine, Diderot, to quote those whom Rolland himself likes to mention. A crusader speaks in them, a man whose unalterable convictions earned him the respect of the world, but this respect is sometimes not shared by the French man of letters. His voice is that of Jean-Christophe Krafft, the German musician through whose eyes he sees France. There are magnificent passages in his works but Rolland was more an apostle of heroism than a writer.

We have no crown witnesses left to support Mr. Schrade's thesis; let us now probe the sum total of the depositions. Whatever this Beethoven cult, it was not based on the great composer's music. An analysis of the discussion of Beethoven's works by the hosts of witnesses produced by the author will disclose that the one recurring single work that seems to be everyone's symbol of Beethoven's art is the Sixth Symphony, the Pastoral; next comes the finale of the Ninth Symphony and a few times the Missa Solemnis. Of the other symphonies, the Third and the Fifth are mentioned a few times *en passant*. (Good old Quinet, who died on that fateful 26th of March, had a particularly vivid appreciation of the Fifth, the finale of which sounded to him "like the return of Alsace-Lorraine to the fatherland, to France.") The other great symphonies, the chamber music, piano sonatas, concertos, etc. (that is, Beethoven's *œuvre*) are not even alluded to. This is at once understandable if we realize that the Pastoral Symphony, the Ode to Joy of the Ninth Symphony

(no other movement of this gigantic symphony is so much as mentioned), and the *Missa Solemnis* are either vocal works with a comprehensible, concrete text, or in the case of the *Pastoral*, an instrumental work in which they detected a definite *meaning*. Here is then the indestructible old French penchant, the antithesis of the Beethovenian abstract symphonic logic. Even Berlioz, the musician, overlooked the motto placed at the head of Beethoven's score: "More the expression of sentiments than painting," and believed that because of the captions and the few innocuous "nature pictures" *at the end* of the second movement, this symphony was a piece of descriptive music. We now begin to realize that this "God of France" owes his divine status largely to hearsay, for even the author admits the fact that the cult existed "apart from musical life." Beethoven came into the picture in France with the romantic movement. In fact, he rode to fame on the same wave which carried Shakespeare. Both were taken for the archetype of the romanticist, a curious misunderstanding that was paralleled in Germany, where Goethe substituted for Shakespeare. Once this fact is established it is very easy to see what happened. "The romantics took music as an instrument to stimulate the creative faculties; it was often only a pretext covering the real motive, a search for inspiration." These are Professor Schrade's own words; apparently he does not realize that this should have been his motto and his warning not to place too much credence in innocent poetic exclamations. But he goes further and well-nigh demolishes his whole work. "In principle, it made no difference whether it was Berlioz who started from a symphony of Beethoven, or Alfred de Vigny from a bardic song, since in the end their images were much alike."

To a trained musician and cultured Frenchman, such as d'Indy, who more-over was a staunch admirer of German music, the "deification of Beethoven so fervently carried out by others" (Schrade) appeared as nonsense and a dangerous absurdity, and E. Bourge, in an article entitled "Our Epoch and Beethoven," declared that the "pseudo-Beethoven cult consists of snobbism, literature, and mimicry." That anyone trained in the scientific pursuit of arts and letters could ever take such a "movement" seriously enough to devote a monograph to it would, we can well imagine, startle that most fervent advocate of Beethovenian symbolism, Arnold Schering.

Professor Schrade's book could be taken for a *Batrachomyomachia*, but we do not doubt for a minute that he is actually convinced that Beethoven became God of the Gauls. One might dismiss the whole thing as a laboriously compiled fantasy were it not for certain implications—not the least of which is the imprint of one of our distinguished university presses. This type of meta-physical-theological-symbolist literary and art history has been unknown in this country. Are we, who are fighting the many facile, uncritical, adulatory, substandard, radio-level popularizations, to face a second front, this time opening from the direction of the respected academic world? We hope not. But the temptation to explore a multitude of possible religions based on the Buddhas of music may become strong among those who, to quote Dr. Schrade's charac-

terization of one of his witnesses, "try hard to be objective and merely to record what they find, but lack the cool head necessary for such a quest."

PAUL H. LÁNG

Columbia University

The Origin of the Grail Legend. By ARTHUR C. L. BROWN. Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1939. Pp. 476.

The quest for the origin of the Grail legend has been pursued by scholars of great eminence, for instance, Bruce, Miss Weston, and Burdach;¹ and each of these has arrived at a different conclusion. Like a modern detective story, the narratives of the Grail are full of misleading clues.² Professor Brown in the present work, embodying the results of many years' research, has propounded, I believe, the correct solution of the problem so far as his general thesis goes, namely, that the Grail tradition represents a confused amalgam of Irish and Welsh myths.

It is natural to compare Brown's work with Nutt's *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, published in 1888, in which the same main thesis was elaborated. Scholars will agree, I think, that in four respects Professor Brown has made an advance. First, he has placed little reliance on modern Irish and Gaelic folktales, which, though sometimes significant for the interpretation of medieval romance when they offer unique and unmistakable parallels, nevertheless often present too vague a resemblance, and, even when close, are open to the suspicion that they have been affected by the medieval romances. Secondly, the author has taken full advantage of the last fifty years of Irish scholarship to give summaries and translations of a large number of texts, based on the latest editions.³ Many of these texts, in my opinion, have no relation to the Matter of Britain, but Professor Brown's references will prove a valuable bibliographical aid in Celtic studies. Thirdly, the author has shown clearly, though the idea is not original with him,⁴ that the Loathly Damsel is a survival of Ériu, the goddess of Ireland. Fourthly, he has adopted Professor Nitze's demonstration of Irish influence on the description of the Fisher King's hall by Chrétien and Wolfram.

1. J. D. Bruce, *Evolution of Arthurian Romance from the Beginnings down to the Year 1300* (Baltimore, 1923), I, 219-268. J. L. Weston, *Quest of the Holy Grail* (London, 1913); *From Ritual to Romance* (Cambridge, 1920). K. Burdach, *Der Graal* (Stuttgart, 1938).

2. I readily grant that my own treatment of the subject in *Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance* (New York, 1927) followed two misleading clues—the Four Treasures of the Tuatha Dé as furnishing prototypes of the Grail and the sword of the Fisher King's castle; the sexual initiation rites of the Mediterranean.

3. A few examples of mistranslation I have noted at random. "Crowns" (p. 181), for *krone*, should be "circular chandeliers." Cf. Nitze in *Studies in Honor of A. M. Elliott* (Baltimore, 1911), I, 40. "Fastenings" (p. 274), for *agai*, should be "pillars." Cf. *Romania*, LIX (1933), 560, n. 7. "Pike" (p. 340, n. 4), for *lance*, ablative of *lanx*, should be "platter." Cf. H. Newstead, *Bran the Blessed in Arthurian Romance* (New York, 1939), pp. 76 f.

4. *Speculum*, VIII (1933), 421 f.

Though Professor Brown's main thesis seems to me correct, his argument involves a number of subordinate propositions which fail to bring conviction to the present reviewer. Yet since they must have seemed persuasive to the officers of the American Council of Learned Societies, which financed publication, let me list them: 1. A single Irish "scenario," including a Dolorous Tower and a Castle of Maidens, underlies many of the marvelous scenes of Arthurian romance, including the visit to the Grail Castle. 2. All hospitable hosts represent a single traditional figure. 3. The combats and wars of Arthurian romance derive from the wars of the Tuatha Dé with the Fomorians. 4. The caldron of the Dagda, the sword of Nuadu, and the Stone of Fál are represented by the Grail, the sword, and the head in a dish which Perceval (Peredur) observed in the castle of the Grail King. 5. The word *grail* represents a corruption of the Irish word *criol*, meaning either casket or basket. 6. Bríón, one of the three sons of Turenn, is identical with Bran mac Febal, with Bran son of Llyr, and so with the Fisher King. 7. The names Orcanie, Plippalinot, Karadas, and Cichol were suggested by the classical Orcus, Palinurus, Charon, and Cyclops respectively. 8. The Irish names mentioned in chapter xii reappear in the French romances. 9. Any association with the color red or with an island is sufficient to identify a figure with Death personified. 10. Any foreign or remote country (Spain, Norway, Galloway, Lothian⁶), any grim tower or enchanted garden may be equated with the land of Death.

To refute all these propositions in detail would require a book; here it is possible only to justify my skepticism on general grounds, and to illustrate each objection by a single one out of numerous examples. Professor Brown seems to lay himself open to the following charges: 1. Assertion without any proof; e.g., Meleagant, Aguingeron, and Orguellous de la Lande are classed as giants (pages 166 f.) though not one of them is described by Chrétien as larger than ordinary men. 2. Conclusions based on inadequate evidence; e.g., it is argued that the Grail castle is in the power of a Fomorian merely because "the sword and the spear may be interpreted as a plea for help" (page 117, note 3). 3. Statements contrary to fact, e.g., "In Chrétien the lady is supreme and manages everything to suit herself" (page 4). What of Enide, Laudine, and Blancheфор? 4. Basic confusions; e.g., by the author's own admission, the Tuatha Dé were easily confused with the Fomorians, and were not very different in nature (pages 75, 260, note 49). Yet the antagonism between these two races is fundamental to Brown's interpretation of Arthurian romance. 5. Parallels which are not parallels; e.g., Nuadu's sword is said to correspond to the ring of the Hall Damsel in *Sir Percyvelle*, and the Stone of Fál to the drink that cured Acheflour of insanity (page 207). 6. Conclusions contradicted by other and better evidence; e.g., the word *grail* cannot be derived from *criol* because philological authorities recognize it as a word of Romance origin, meaning a deep platter ("scutella lata et aliquantulum profunda"); the Welsh ate from just such platters ("scutellis latis et amplis"), and knew a platter

5. Brown consistently spells "Lothain."

which provided whatever food one desired—one of the well-attested virtues of the Grail.⁶

In the opinion of the present writer, then, Professor Brown's book consists in large measure of highly speculative or demonstrably mistaken hypotheses. It overlooks much pertinent Welsh material, ignores the important Grail traditions in Boron's *Joseph*, the Vulgate cycle, and *Sone de Nansai*, and fails to account for the Siege Perilous, the name of the Grail castle, Corbenic, the question test, and the identification of the Grail King with Joseph of Arimathea.⁷ Professor Newstead's closely reasoned study of Bran the Blessed is not even mentioned. A similar rigorous method must be applied before we have a satisfactory work on the origins of the Grail legend.

ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS

Columbia University

Alain Chartier: His Work and Reputation. By EDWARD J. HOFFMAN. New York, Wittes Press, 1942. Pp. 379.

A complete critical edition still remains the primary desideratum in the scholarship on Alain Chartier. Mr. Hoffman recognizes this in his dissertation (Columbia), and defines his own contribution as an attempt to provide a source book for future students. Publication of a 379-page study of Alain Chartier raises hope among those who look for a substantial advance beyond the chapters in Pierre Champion's *Histoire poétique du quinzième siècle* (I, 1-165). Mr. Hoffman's preface emphasizes his intention to offer an *état présent des études*, in the form of criticism of Chartier's work together with a "tracing of the evolution of his literary destiny, that is, his reputation."

At the outset, it should be said that Mr. Hoffman has familiarized himself with the Chartier annals of the past several centuries, that he has read his author with sympathetic attention, that he has accumulated substantial evidence concerning Chartier's reputation prior to the early seventeenth century. In fact, the data compiled about fifteenth-century and Renaissance opinions of Chartier form the constructive part of Mr. Hoffman's thesis. It can be added, furthermore, that this book is a detailed report of sorts on the present state of Chartier studies.

Certain reservations, however, about Mr. Hoffman's findings seem inevitable. The first 208 pages provide a biographic sketch, synopses of Chartier's writings, and summaries of earlier investigations: in fact, a lengthy account of the fifteenth-century poet with tabulation of the previously published conclusions concerning moot points. But in the light of Champion's attractive and informative survey twenty years ago, it is regrettable that Mr. Hoffman's first three chapters do no more than repeat past discoveries and that they con-

6. *Speculum*, VIII, 430.

7. *Ibid.*, pp. 419-431.

tain no conclusions other than agreement with those most recently published elsewhere.

It is true that the dissertation contains remarks about the quality of Chartier's own work, but these involve little that is new or significant. For instance, a five-page appreciation of the *Livre des quatre dames* works up to the massive conclusion that the poem is "a work that stems from medieval tradition" (page 100). When the *Lay de Plaisance* was being written, "the whole question of love must have been academic with Alain Chartier. . . . But he knew, from his reading, undoubtedly, that love was a pretty wonderful thing" (page 45). However, a decade or so later, as author of the *Deux Fortunés d'amour*, "he was thoroughly acquainted with the manners and the conduct of those who had fallen victims of Cupid, whatever the outcome. These things he had learned from his own experience or knew from theory" (page 86). Incidentally, militant medievalists may pause an instant while Mr. Hoffman explains (page 39) "why medieval poetry up to Villon is so monotonously unvaried." Rather than "condemn Chartier because his poems do not reflect the times," one is counselled to "oppose the conception of poetry to which he and his fellow poets adhered." But Mr. Hoffman's admiration for what he calls the "serious poems" (pages 90-121) somewhat belies his view that "to Chartier poetry was a convention, conceived as a device to enable one to escape the realities of life."

In his *curriculum vitae*, the author mentions two visits to Europe, before 1939, for research on his subject. It is therefore legitimate to wonder why the *rondeaux* and ballads published in Appendix D were edited from older printings, with almost no consultation of manuscript material. Mr. Hoffman devotes barely four pages (279-283) to the Chartier manuscripts, and announces his discovery of some thirty not previously listed: why is there no table of these manuscripts in an investigation which purports to give an *état présent*? Mr. Hoffman is impressed by the special light emanating from Chartier's Latin letters (page 201): why no indication of their contents?

Defects in the dissertation are nowhere more unvarnished than in the textual criticism of Appendices BCD. A 14-page chapter reviews existing editions of Chartier, but only two pages are allowed for those since 1617. Mr. Hoffman prints (pages 302-322) the hitherto unpublished notice by Guillaume Colletet (dated 1644): as editor, he is surprised by such orthographic banalities as *gissoit* by the side of *gisoit*, *roiaume* for *royaume*, *à* for *a*, *nom* for *non*, and so on. The variants which accompany the short poems in Appendix D are littered with insignificant spellings (mostly from discredited editions); the texts proper are punctuated, but with virtually no accents, apostrophes, or quotation marks allowed. The future editor of Chartier will learn nothing from this mediocre twentieth-century confection stemming from redactor-copyists of 1501, 1846, 1886, and 1923.

EDWARD B. HAM

University of Michigan

The Growth of Diderot's Fame in France from 1784 to 1875. By MARY LANE CHARLES. Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania (Privately lithoprinted), 1942. Pp. 148.

The period covered in this monograph extends from Diderot's death to the publication of his works by Garnier frères under the editorship of Assézat and Tournoux. Unlike Rousseau's and Voltaire's, the growth of Diderot's fame was gradual and more dependent upon the discovery and publication of important manuscripts than upon the political tendencies of the day. During the first period studied (1784-1798), for example, there appeared, among other works, Diderot's much cherished *Salon de 1765* (1794), *Jacques le fataliste*, *La Religieuse*, *Supplément au Voyage de Bougainville* (1796), the *Salon de 1767*, various essays and thoughts on painting, and the judicious *Réflexions sur le livre de l'Esprit par M. Helvétius* (1798). Naigeon's edition of 1798, which first published these last titles, appeared at the wrong moment to receive the attention that it deserved. Diderot's name was as yet rarely linked with the "fathers" of the French Revolution. Abbé Barruel, religious fanatic and political reactionary, paid Diderot the compliment, at least, of condemnation, while *La Décade*, organ of the newly established Institut National, helped acquire manuscripts and treated him generally with understanding sympathy.

Under the Empire, (Chapter II) Salverte's eulogy before the Institut, in which he aptly called Diderot "le poète de la philosophie," balanced in some measure the "abuse and heavy-handed sarcasm" in La Harpe's *Correspondance littéraire* (1801). Only minor works, chiefly from Grimm's *Correspondance littéraire* (1812) appeared during this period. The Restoration, on the other hand, marked a definite growth of interest and comprehension. The *Salon de 1761* and minor works appeared first in the Belin edition of 1818 and *Le Neveu de Rameau* (after a garbled retranslation from Goethe's German in 1821) in the Brière edition of 1823. Depping, who wrote an Introduction to the Belin edition, was perhaps the first critic in French to realize the significance of Diderot's philosophy and to speak of the *Salons* with unstinted praise. The Brière edition was noted, too, for the important *Mémoires* by Naigeon. With this edition Diderot's poetic romanticism was recognized and his name was finally linked with those of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu.

Dr. Charles finds few signs of recognition, however, among the major writers of the romantic period (1830-1844), with the notable exception of Sainte-Beuve. Important first publications included the *Paradoxe sur le comédien* (1830), and, in the Paulin edition (1830-1831), the *Mémoires* by Mme de Vandeuil, the *Lettres à Sophie Volland*, and the *Rêve de d'Alembert*. The attendant revelation of Diderot's personality was hailed by Jules Janin and analysed with affection and admiration by Sainte-Beuve. Diderot's influence on Sainte-Beuve's "Rayons jaunes" and on the modern literary technique of associationism is now well-known. Sainte-Beuve was also the first to appreciate the significance of the *Rêve de d'Alembert* as a philosophy of science. Nodier noted the revolutionary aspects of Diderot's prose style, commented upon also in a minor way by Stendhal and Balzac. Quite obtuse—from our present "Olympian" point of view—

were the comments of Nisard, Lacretelle, Tocqueville and Villemain. The latter's "naturisme" gradually yielded to "naturalisme" as a description of Diderot's philosophy. On the other hand many minor critics showed an unusual grasp of Diderot's thought. Lerminier discussed the relationship between Diderot and Spinoza, a subject treated with greater perspicacity by the hostile Henri Martin, in his *Histoire de France*. Martin quite rightly named Rabelais and Cyrano as Diderot's distant ancestors and Buffon, Maupertuis and Dr. Bordeu as his more immediate sources. Martin's presentation of Diderot's philosophy would thus appear to be more than "fairly adequate." Louis Blanc, in his *Histoire de la Révolution française*, was quite right in considering the *Neveu de Rameau* primarily a social satire, and in believing that "l'action de Diderot sur son époque fut immense," in spite of the withholding from publication of many important manuscripts.

After such testimonies, the title of Dr. Charles's final chapter, "1845-1875, The Emergence of Diderot as a Philosopher," is ill chosen. During this period the remainder of the *Salons* were published and the interest first centered on Diderot as artist and art critic, with Sainte-Beuve and Baudelaire as the chief protagonists. Michelet added his eloquent understanding to former tributes, Damiron analysed Diderot's ethical theories, and Asseline, first to link Diderot's name with Darwin's, saw in Diderot the greatest influence shaping "the new spirit" of the modern world. The interest was, however, general. Diderot as a philosopher had already emerged.

The significance of Dr. Charles's subject is obvious, as the first step in the more important question of Diderot's place in the history of thought. She gives the general impression of having satisfactorily covered her field. Yet because she offers no inkling of her method, no revelation of the scope or principles of selectivity involved, a judgment is difficult without retracing her paths of research. We find no quotations from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for example, or *Le Magasin Pittoresque*, or the *Mercure du Dix-neuvième Siècle*, all of which yielded considerable material to Donald M. Frame's study of Montaigne's fortunes during much the same period. Discernable errors are quite rare. After the essential study of *Le Neveu de Rameau* by Rudolf Schloesser, it is obvious that Brière could not possibly have had a manuscript of that work written or copied in 1760. Dr. Charles, in her references and notes, confuses the *Grande Encyclopédie* with Larousse's *Grand Dictionnaire universel du dix-neuvième siècle*. She quotes from the article "Diderot" in the latter work, a diffuse article which nevertheless had already brought together an unusually large number of critical opinions, and attributes it to Larousse, but fails to give us his great tribute to the *Encyclopédie* in a signed Preface.

An Appendix lists the representations of the *Père de famille* at the Comédie française and at Rouen. The listing of the works of Diderot published in France, 1784-1875, should prove especially helpful. It would have taken only a very few hours of extra labor to supply a proper-name Index. Without it a Stendhal student, for instance, will have a hard time finding the two Diderot-Stendhal

references offered, one of which is well buried in the notes at the end of the book. It is a pity that the usefulness of a good study on an excellent subject should be thus diminished.

NORMAN L. TORREY

Columbia University

Clothes and Character: The Function of Dress in Balzac. By HELEN T. GARRETT. Philadelphia, University of Pennsylvania, 1941. Pp. 92.

Miss Garrett brode sur un thème connu—celui du réalisme de la *Comédie humaine*—une variation bien faite pour séduire un cœur féminin. Elle s'acquitte de sa tâche en experte couturière et en balzacienne consommée. On aurait mauvaise grâce à lui demander davantage. Le seul regret qu'on exprimera, c'est de devoir classer ce scrupuleux répertoire "à la suite," entre ceux qui existent déjà et ceux qu'on ne manquera pas d'écrire encore. Ces sillons parallèles et multipliés projettent dans la *Comédie humaine* un ordre et une clarté méritoires, mais enrichissent-ils, au sens profond du mot, notre connaissance de l'œuvre? Je me permets d'en douter. Nous tendons à oublier deux choses, et deux choses essentielles à mon sens. L'une, c'est que Balzac cultive, avec une acuité et une minutie prodigieuses, il est vrai, un genre d'observation réaliste très en vogue parmi ses contemporains; que son génie, en d'autres termes, exploite, plus qu'il ne modifie ou ne devance, le goût du jour. La seconde, c'est qu'il y a réalisme et réalisme. Celui de l'époque Louis-Philippe, tout mêlé d'apports étrangers, se distingue surtout par le culte du petit détail extérieur, emprunté à Walter Scott, et la méthode des correspondances psycho-physiologiques, héritée de Gall et de Lavater. Dis-moi comment tu t'habilles, et je te dirai qui tu es. C'est pourtant d'un autre réalisme que relèvent à l'occasion, dans des cas dûment collationnés et banalement interprétés par Miss Garrett, certaines héroïnes de Balzac: Valérie Marneffe, par exemple, et Béatrice de Rochefide, et la princesse de Cadignan, lorsqu'elles imaginent de se donner "l'air vierge" et de se vêtir de mousseline blanche pour mieux éveiller l'instinct chevaleresque et protecteur du sexe fort. En vertu de ce réalisme-là, purement indigène si je ne me trompe, l'habit ne fait pas le moine.¹

JEAN-ALBERT BÉDÉ

Columbia University

The Indian in Brazilian Literature. By DAVID MILLER DRIVER. Hispanic Institute in the United States, New York, 1942. Pp. 172 (text) + 10 (bibliography).

The human value of the aborigenes very early became a controversial subject in the New World. Some regarded the Indian as an inferior being, destitute of

1. Je n'ai pas fait le compte des erreurs typographiques, mais j'en signale deux qui sont particulièrement fâcheuses puisqu'elles se produisent à la première page: *Madame de Berny* pour *Madame de Berny* (n. 2), et *Lognon* pour *Longnon* (n. 3).

soul; others, on the contrary, saw in him the incarnation of virtue, intelligence and dignity. Both extreme viewpoints, unrealistic as they were, had nevertheless their passionate supporters. Since the beginning of her colonization Brazil too had both exploiters and defenders of the Indian, but his idealization occurs a long time after Bartolomé de las Casas. The Portuguese priests sent to Brazil seem to have been more realistic than the Spanish missionary. They did not think that the Indian was perfect, but perfectible. Thence the paternalistic yet austere tone that we find in the writings of some of them. Father Antonio Vieira wrote in a letter to a group of missionaries: "So you think the Indian is rough and crude as a stone? Conceded. But think what a sculptor can do with a rough, crude stone!" (page 10). That viewpoint seems to have prevailed to a larger or smaller extent among the missionaries in Brazil as against the attitude openly hostile shown by some Portuguese colonists. Through the first pages of his book Dr. Driver discusses this subject as well as the opinions expressed on the primitive man of Brazil by some French writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such as the friendly Huguenot Jean de Léry in his *Histoire d'un voyage fait en la terre de Brésil*, the hostile priest André Thévet, author of *Les Singularitez de la France Antarctique*, and the rather sympathetic Capucin friars, Yves d'Evreux and Claude d'Abbeville. "These early French writers had considerable influence on Brazilians of the Romantic period. Both Alencar and Gonçalves Dias, leaders of the Indianists, cite Léry, d'Evreux and Abbeville in their notes and prefaces. They draw on the three Frenchmen for Indian legends, customs and religious rites. In the case of Léry, the relationship was much closer. The elements pointed out in his work are all to be found in a more intensely idealized form in Alencar's novels and Dias' poems. Léry was certainly their spiritual forbear" (page 19).

The second chapter of the book is devoted to the study of the early manifestations of Indianism in Brazilian literature. After a reference to the fragments that have been preserved of Tinoco's epic poem on the deeds of the Bandeirantes, Dr. Driver takes up the discussion of the Indian elements in Basilio da Gama's *Uruguay* and Santa Rita Durão's *Caramurá*, and incidentally makes interesting parallels between them. He is of the opinion that "in appreciation of the New World scene, Durão far exceeds both Ercilla and Gama," and remarks that the latter is closer to the author of *La Araucana* in the exaltation of the valor of the Indian.

The Indian in the Romantic period is the subject of the third chapter. As we should expect it is the longest chapter of the book and is chiefly devoted to Gonçalves Dias and José de Alencar. The author gives a good picture of the great poet's unhappy life, and observes that the miracle of his intellectual attainment has been less stressed than the value of his poetry. He tells how Brazil's greatest Indianist poet, the humble son of a half-breed freedwoman and a Portuguese shop-keeper, acquired a wide culture almost entirely through his own effort, "supported himself by teaching Latin in the Lyceu Provincial of Niteroy and gained such a reputation that he was elected to the chairs of

Latin and Brazilian history in the Government's best school, Collegio Pedro II (page 47)." Gonçalves Dias is one of the numerous examples of the intellectual proficiency of an autodidact so frequently met with in the history of Brazilian culture. His belief in will power is well reflected in the first stanza of his "Canção do Tamoyo":

*Não chores, meu filho:
Não chores, que a vida
É luta renhida;
Viver é lutar.
A vida é combate.
Que os fracos abate,
Que os fortes, os bravos,
Só pode exaltar.*

The author discusses the possible influences of French and Spanish Romantics on Gonçalves Dias and contends that "his descriptions of nature are usually brighter, and more cheerful than those of Zorilla," the Spanish poet most often quoted in his *Poesias Americanas*. As for the Germans, Dr. Driver points out that the literary personality of Gonçalves Dias is more closely related to Goethe's than to Heine's or Schiller's. The study emphasizes that Gonçalves Dias was the first to express effectively the national love and pride in the fatherland in a thoroughly Brazilian manner.

José de Alencar's works are then taken up, summarized and classified. As it is only natural, more pages are devoted to him than to any other author. The last part of the third chapter deals with the minor Indianists of the Romantic movement, and here the author discusses, among others, Gonçalves de Magalhães, author of *A Confederação dos Tamoyos*, so strongly criticized by Alencar; Porto Alegre and his huge epic poem *Colombo*; Bernardo Guimarães, presented as an instance of the literary transition from the Indian to the *sertanejo*; Martins Penna and the few playwrights that have dramatized Indian episodes.

The second Romantic generation and the Parnassians occupy the fourth chapter, where the critic discusses the Indianist elements found in the works of Junqueira Freire, Fagundes Varella, Guimarães Junior, Machado de Assis, Bilac, Tavora, Inglês de Souza, and others. Dealing with Fagundes Varella's work, Dr. Driver hints that the poet's constant reference to mists, clouds and vapors may have come directly from Zorilla. Such opinion seems to reflect an overestimation of foreign influences on the author of *O Evangelho das Selvas*. His own mystic temperament and the often foggy atmosphere of Petropolis, where Fagundes Varella spent part of his life and where, by the way, there is a statue in his memory, would perfectly suffice to explain the poet's vocabulary.

The fifth and last chapter takes up the Indian in the Brazilian literature of the twentieth century. Very little material of this kind in this century could of course be gathered. After referring to the indefatigable Mello Moraes Filho and a few other names, the author concludes, rightly, that Indianism as a school no longer exists in Brazil.

Dr. Driver's monograph represents an honest effort to interpret the literature of a foreign country. He has the consciousness of the problems that the task involves. In his discussion of Alencar's works he cautions foreigners against the difficulties that are apt to confront them when they try to understand the place that the famous novelist has secured in the heart of the Brazilian people. Dr. Driver lived some years in Brazil, in one of her Southern States. His knowledge of the language and the country have considerably helped him in his interesting and well presented interpretation.

JOSÉ FAMADAS

Columbia University

NOTES FOR CONTRIBUTORS

1. All manuscripts should be typewritten and double-spaced with ample margins.
2. Quotations in any language of over four or five typewritten lines will generally be printed in small roman as separate paragraphs (set-down matter). In the typescript such extracts should be in a separate paragraph single-spaced and should not be enclosed in quotation marks.
3. Titles of books and periodicals will be italicized and should be underlined in the typescript. Titles of articles, chapters and poems should be in roman enclosed in quotation marks.
4. In titles of English publications, in titles of periodicals in any language except German, and in divisions of English works (parts, chapters, sections, poems, articles, etc.), the first word and all the principal words should be capitalized. Ex:

The Comedy of Errors

In the *Romanic Review* there appeared an article entitled "Flaubert's Correspondence with Louise Colet, Chronology and Notes."

Such a repetition may be found in the Preface. (But: James Gray wrote the preface for the second edition.)

5. In an English passage French titles should have the article capitalized and underlined as part of the title. Ex: He read *La France vivante*. In a French passage, the article should be neither capitalized nor underlined. Ex: Il a lu *la France vivante* et *l'Histoire de la littérature française* de Lanson.
6. In an English passage, French and Italian titles should be capitalized as follows. The first word is always capitalized. If a substantive immediately follows an initial article, definite or indefinite, it is also capitalized. If the substantive is preceded by an adjective, this also receives a capital letter. If the title begins with any other word than an article or an adjective, the words

following are all in lower-case. Ex: *Les Femmes savantes*; *La Folle Journée*; *L'Age ingrat*; *De la terre à la lune*; *Sur la piste*; *La Leda senza cigno*; *Scrittori del tempo nostro*; *I Narratori*; *Nell'azzurro*; *Piccolo Mondo antico*.

7. Spanish titles should have a capital only on the first word unless the title contains a proper noun. Ex: *Cantigas de amor e de maldizer*; *La perfecta casada*.
8. Words or phrases not in the language of the article, and not yet naturalized, will be italicized and should be underlined in the typescript. Consult the dictionary if in doubt. Ex: *genre*, *pièce à thèse*, *ancien régime*, *Zeitgeist*.
9. All quotations should correspond exactly with the original in wording, spelling, and punctuation. Words or phrases in quotations must not be italicized or underlined unless they are so in the original or unless it is indicated in a footnote that the italics have been added. Any interpolation in an extract should be indicated by enclosing it in brackets; any omission should be indicated by three periods. Ex: "It is this work [*Le Lys dans la vallée*] which—"; "Il est . . . absorbé par des travaux—"
10. Footnotes should be numbered consecutively throughout each article or book-review. In the text the note number should be printed as a superior figure (slightly above the typed line); at the head of the note itself, it should be a figure of normal size followed by a period (on a level with the typed line). Ex: At eighteen, he moved to Paris.¹

1. John Palmer, *Studies in the Contemporary Theatre*, p. 48.

11. Footnotes may be typed into the article itself, separated from the text by ruled lines, or subjoined to the end of the text, on separate pages.
12. Note numbers in the text always follow the punctuation. Ex: There is no question as to the date of this edition.² As Flaubert stated,³ he was willing to—.

13. Short references included in the text to save footnotes, should be enclosed in parentheses and should not contain abbreviations. In book-reviews this is often the easiest way to make a direct reference to the work which is being reviewed. Ex: In the Introduction (page 10), the author remarks—.
14. Names should never be abbreviated. Even the name of the author of a work which is being reviewed should be written out each time that it is used.
15. All footnotes must begin with a capital letter and end with a period or some other final punctuation. Each note should contain an exact reference to the page or pages in question; the title is rarely enough. If a footnote refers to the same title cited in the preceding note, *ibid.* should be used to avoid repeating the title. If a note refers to a work already cited, but not cited in the preceding footnote, *op. cit.* should be used for a book, *loc. cit.* for an article. Such abbreviations should not ordinarily be used to refer farther back than the preceding page. Since the aim, however, is merely to avoid ambiguity, no rule need be laid down. Ex:
 10. Cross, Slover, *Ancient Irish Tales*, p. 35.
 11. Loomis, *Celtic Myth and Arthurian Romance*, p. 90.
 12. *Ibid.*, pp. 96-97.
 13. W. A. Nitze, "Lancelot and Guinevere," *Speculum*, viii, 240.
 13. Loomis, *op. cit.*, p. 131.
 15. Nitze, *loc. cit.*, p. 249.

16. In the citation of references the amount of bibliographical detail is left to the discretion of the contributor, but the order of the items should be presented as indicated below. Inclusion of items (3), (4), and (5) is optional with the contributor.

In the case of books cited, the form of reference should be as follows: (1) author's name, preceded by his first name or initials, (2) the title italicized (underlined), (3) where necessary, the edition, (4) place of publication, (5) name of publisher, (6) date of publica-

tion, (7) reference to volume in capital roman numerals without preceding 'Vol.' or 'V.', (8) reference to page in arabic numerals, preceded by 'p.' or 'pp.' only when there is no preceding reference to volume. Each item but the last should be followed by a comma; the last item should be followed by a period. Ex:

Albert Thibaudet, *Histoire de la littérature française de 1789 à nos jours*, Paris, Stock, 1936, p. 60.

H. O. Taylor, *The Mediaeval Mind*, 4th ed., New York, Macmillan, 1925, ii, 221-225.

17. Reference to periodicals should include wherever possible, volume number and page number or numbers. Where it is desirable to give the year also, it should follow the volume number, in parentheses. When it is impossible to give a volume number, the date of the issue should take its place. Ex:

La Nouvelle Revue Française, ii (1909), 224.

Les Nouvelles Littéraires, 30 juillet 1932, p. 8.

18. The following periodicals should be abbreviated as follows in footnotes:

Grubers Grundriss der romanischen Philologie—GG
 Modern Language Journal—MLJ
 Modern Language Notes—MLN
 Modern Philology—MP
 Publications of the Modern Language Association—PMLA
 Romania—R
 Revue d'Histoire Littéraire de la France—RHL
 Revue de Littérature Comparée—RLC
 Romanic Review—RR
 Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Literatur—ZFSL
 Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie—ZRP

19. The following Latin words and abbreviations will be italicized and should be underlined in typescript. They should be capitalized only when they begin a footnote. *ca.* (about, in dates), *e.g.* (for instance), *et al.* (and others), *ibid.* (not *ib.* or *idem*, the same reference), *i.e.* (that is), *loc. cit.* (place cited), *op. cit.*

- (work cited), *passim* (here and there), *sic* (thus), *vs.* (versus). Exceptions are: etc., viz.
20. The following abbreviations will appear in roman type and therefore should not be underlined in typescript: cf., f., ff. (following), fol., foll. (folio, folios), l., ll. (line, lines), p., pp., vol., vs., vss. (verses). Mme and Mlle, MS and MSS (manuscript, manuscripts) should be typed without periods.
 21. Headings for book-reviews should follow these models:
Jules Sandeau, l'homme et la vie. Par Mabel Silver. Paris, Boivin, 1936. Pp. 247.
 - A History of French Dramatic Literature in the Seventeenth Century.* By Professor Henry Carrington Lancaster. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press. Part I (1610-1634), 2 vols., 1929. Pp. 785. Part II (1635-1651), 2 vols., 1932. Pp. 804. Part III (1652-1672), 2 vols., 1936. Pp. 896.
 22. All references in the completed manuscript should be verified before it is submitted for publication.
 23. Contributors should retain an accurate carbon copy of their manuscripts.

THE SPANISH TEACHERS' JOURNAL

HISPANIA

Established 1917

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA, *Editor*, 1917-1926; ALFRED COESTER, *Editor* 1927-1941.

Published by the American Association of Teachers of Spanish

Editor, HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE, The George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

Associate Editors, WILLIAM BERRIEN, MICHAEL S. DONLAN, AURELIO M. ESPINOSA, JR., E. HERMAN HESPELT, EDDIE RUTH HUTTON, MARJORIE JOHNSTON, WALTER T. PHILLIPS, JOHN T. REID, FLORENCE HALL SENDER.

Business Manager, EMILIO L. GUERRA, Benjamin Franklin High School, New York City.

HISPANIA appears four times a year, in February, May, October, and December. Subscription (including membership in the Association), \$2.00 a year; foreign countries, 40 cents additional for postage. Each number contains practical and scholarly articles for teachers of Spanish and Portuguese, including helpful hints for teachers new to the field. A sample copy will be sent on request to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association. Address subscriptions and inquiries about membership to:

GRAYDON S. DELAND, *Secretary-Treasurer*, American Association of Teachers of Spanish, Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

HISPANIA is an ideal medium through which to reach the organized Spanish teachers of the United States. For advertising rates, address the *Business Manager*.

Articles, news notes, and books for review should be addressed to the *Editor*.

THE REAL ITALIANS

By CARLO SFORZA

A book in which an eminent Italian statesman describes the historical origins of the Italians, their literature, dialects, regional differences, religion, and relations to their various neighbors. Valuable reading for anyone who is learning the language.

"The best book a non-Italian can read about Italy today."—G. A. Borgese, *New Republic*.

\$2.00

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
PRESS

Books Wanted

IN FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, LATIN, GREEK and other languages. (No school texts wanted.) Small lots or large libraries purchased for cash. For 85 years we have been paying high prices for books in foreign languages and have purchased extensive collections all over the world. We especially desire groups of scholarly material but also purchase small lots of good literature. If you have books in foreign languages to dispose of, do not fail to communicate with

SCHOENHOF'S

ESTABLISHED 1856

Harvard Square, Cambridge 38, Mass.

Ready for next fall's classes—

PORTUGUESE GRAMMAR

REVISED EDITION

By Hills, Ford, Coutinho, Moffatt

—And it's worth waiting for!

Distinguished by simplicity and clarity of organization, practical vocabulary, and illustrative material in connected discourse. ● A modern presentation of grammar with emphasis on Brazilian forms. ● Phonetics used throughout.

D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS LONDON

A CATALOGUE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY FRENCH THEATRICAL PARODIES

A Compilation of the Parodies between 1789 and 1914

By Seymour Travers \$2.00

WOMEN POETS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN FRANCE

A Critical Bibliography

By Clarissa Burnham Cooper \$2.50

Published by **KING'S CROWN PRESS**

A Division of

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Morningside Heights New York 27

